

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

VOL. XLVI

FEBRUARY 1911

NO. 2



1866

ORGAN OF THE
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

1911

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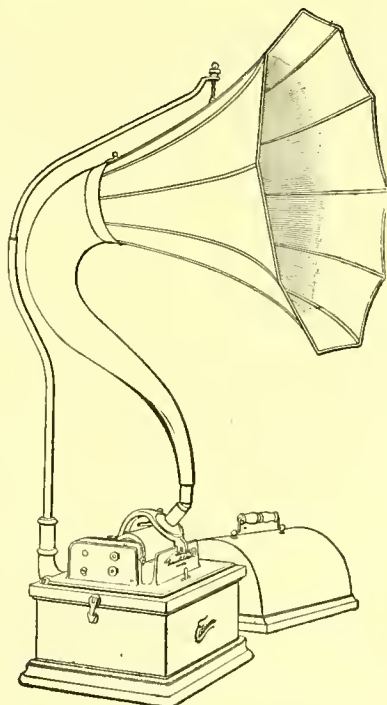
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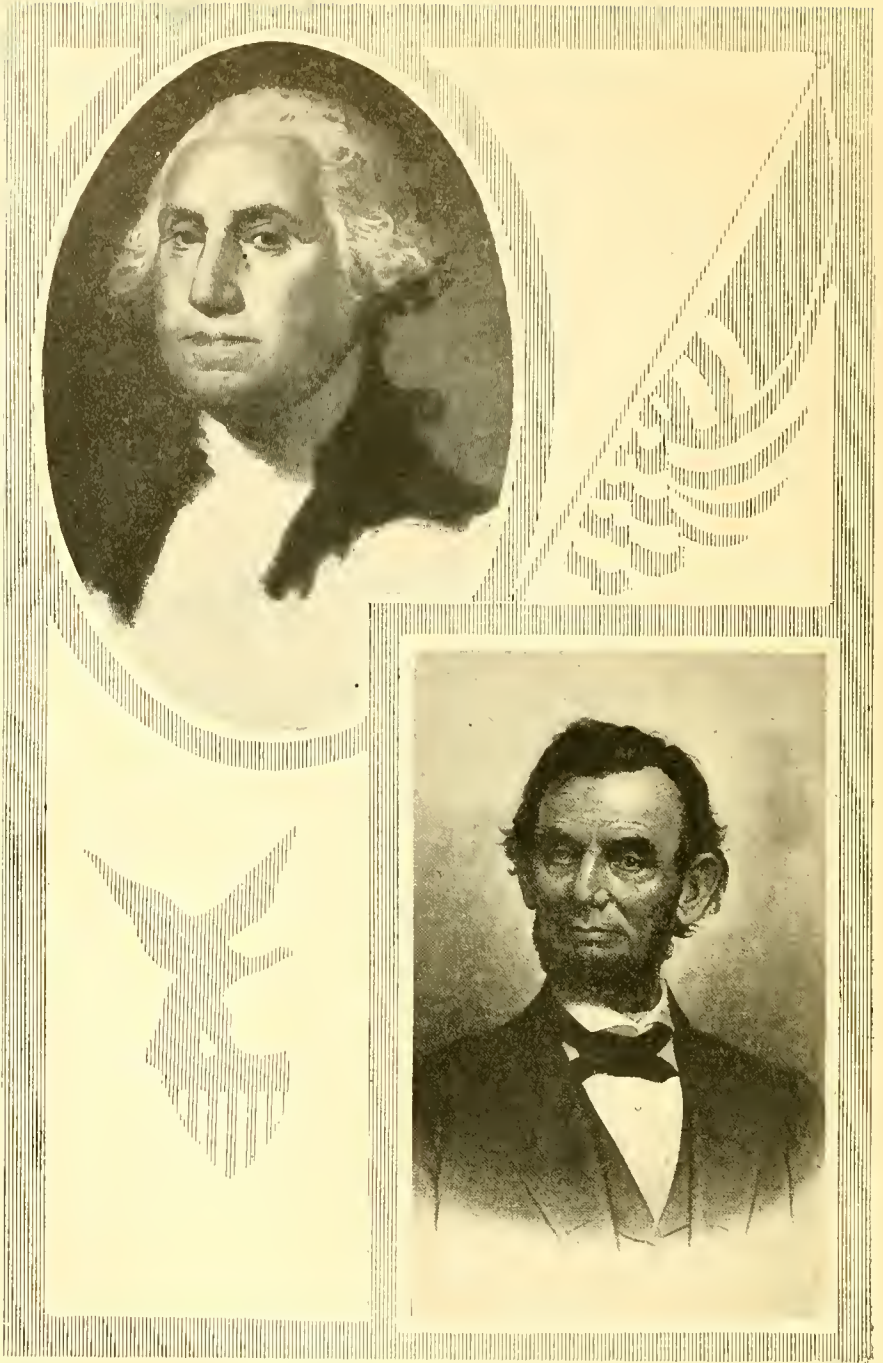
PRAYER.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

I pray, and tho' the cruel thorns
My aching brow still press,
There comes to me a patient strength
To bear my life's distress.

I pray, and tho' this soul of mine
Cries loud for its own will,
A sweet voice whispers unto me :
"Peace, tortured heart, be still."

I pray, and tho' the agony
Is hard for me to bear,
I still trust on, for every day
Brings me an answered prayer.



WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

Born Feb. 22, 1732; died Dec. 13, 1799. Born Feb. 12, 1809; died April 15, 1865.

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GEORGE WASHINGTON AND RELIGION.

(Extract from his Farewell Address.)

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who would labor to subvert these great Pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge in the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education or minds of peculiar structure—reason and experience doth forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

LINCOLN'S SPEECH AT GETTYSBURG.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are

met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether proper and fitting that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who have fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

F OOLISH spending is the father of poverty. Do not be ashamed of work, and of hard work. Work for half price rather than be idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear out all that you can earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits saved. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. See that you are proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering every difficulty; too proud to wear a coat that you cannot afford to buy; too proud to be in company that you cannot keep up with in expenses; too proud to lie or steal, or cheat; too proud to be stingy. ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀



The Doll that was Left Behind.

By John Henry Evans.

Christina was a little Danish girl. She was fully seven years old, though you never would have guessed it, so small was she. You would have set her down any day as being only five, and if she had been riding with her mother on our street cars the conductor would not even have dreamed of asking for her fare. But she had a heart as big as any woman's, as you shall see.

Now, Christina had a doll. And oh! what a deal she did think of it! If you had held the world in your hand with all its money and toys and beautiful things and had offered it to Christina for her doll, she would have laughed at you in her little Danish way and run far enough away from you, hugging her dolly tight. This was not only because she had brought the doll all the way from Denmark, but also because the doll had on a pretty pink dress with ruffles on the bottom and pretty white lace peeping from under the pink ruffles. And then, too, she was only seven, you know, and looked only five.

Sometimes I think, though, it was mainly because the doll was so large. It was nearly as big as she was. Indeed, if it had been a little doll, this story could never be told.

Christina, as I say, had brought this doll all the way from Denmark. To where? Why to Florence, Nebraska, where her father and mother and a great many other people were getting

ready to cross the plains and the mountains in hand-carts. The cart of the Jensens' was piled high with clothes and bedding and provisions, and little Christina sat triumphantly, doll in arms, on the top.

The captain of the company came along.

"Brother Jensen," he said, "you never can get along with that load. You'll give out the first day. You'd better dump off half of it!"

Brother Jensen wanted to know what he should leave.

"Why, leave what you can get along without," the captain said. "The first thing'll be that doll there." And he pointed to Christina. "That won't feed you, or clothe you, or keep you warm."

"But that belongs to Christina!" the mother cried. "She brought it all the way from home."

"Then throw off a sack of flour!" said the Captain sarcastically.

Christina sat there white with fear. She hugged the doll to her bosom. The longer she listened to the argument about the doll, the harder she hugged it. And the more the grown folks talked the more certain it was that her dolly would be left. Couldn't they leave a blanket or a quilt, or even some of the flour? She would live on half as much as she really needed if only they would let her take dolly!

"I guess we'll have to leave the

doll," explained her mother. "That seems the only thing to do."

So Christina and the doll got down. While they were deciding what else they should leave, besides the doll, little Christina went a little way from the camp behind a large rock to have her cry out and to say goodbye.

What a sad parting that was! Christina pressed dolly to her heart, she patted the soft hair and smoothed it back over the forehead, she kissed the face tenderly a thousand times, she felt of the pink dress and white lace, she cried as if her little heart would break and spoke comforting words to it.

The Lord would take care of dolly. She had never in all her life disobeyed, nor said a naughty word, nor neglected her prayers. And as for the doll's being a good Latter-day Saint, why, hadn't little Christina herself baptized her one day in the bath tub? And hadn't dolly said time and again, whenever Christina had asked her, that she wanted to go to Zion? Yes, the Lord would take care of her!

"Christina! Christina!" came the voice of Sister Jensen.

Christina wiped her eyes, gave dolly a last kiss, set her up against the great rock in a place where was a dent, and then ran back to her mother. Her tragedy was at an end. Who shall say that little Christina's struggle was not as great as any endured by older hearts in that company! Who shall say that little Christina's sacrifice was not as overwhelming!

On went the company, high-spirited and songful—just as if that scene behind the rock had never been enacted! On and ever on it went, over dusty, choking roads, men and women pushing or pulling their carts, everybody walking and getting always more and more tired but never resting; climbing hills and mountains where the snow met them, and wading streams in the hollow places, which grew colder and colder as they went.

When they were scarcely more than half way to the Valley, their food be-

gan to give out. Then they were put on rations, each person in the company getting only so much flour and bacon and sugar. Each one was allowed half a pound of flour at first, then a quarter of a pound, with a little piece of bacon, enough for a couple of mouthfulls.

Then it was that the carts became heavy, the songs fewer and fewer, and the faces of young and old more haggard. As the food grew less, the frost and the storms increased. At last people began to die. Every mile some one was buried, often a dozen.

Brother Jensen, Christina's father, was one of those who passed away in this dreadful journey. He took turns with Sister Jensen in lugging the cart, grew weaker and weaker every day, and at last, after a week's sickness, died and was buried by the roadside.

That night, as it happened, the company was on a mountain top where there was a plentiful supply of timber. Great fires were therefore lighted in every camp, and around every one of them were men and women drying their clothes. That day they had waded through an unusual number of deep streams, getting exceptionally wet. So men and women everywhere turned about incessantly before the fires, the steam rising in great clouds from their clothing.

Near one of these fires sat Christina with her mother. They were both as miserable as any one can look. Especially was little Christina unhappy. She was tired and hungry and sorrowful. She was crying, too.

A big English boy came up to the fire—Christina's fire. He turned himself around a few times, the steam rising from his clothes also. He saw little Christina, and his heart went out to her. Long he stood there watching her face. At last he went away. He was gone about ten minutes. When he returned he was carrying something in his arms. Going up to Christina he put this bundle in her lap.

"O, mamma," she cried, "it's my own dolly."

And she hugged it and kissed it as tenderly as if she had not been tired and hungry and sorrowful.

"Tommy, Tommy Dobson, where did you get Dolly?" Christina demanded when she could speak again.

"Oh," said Big Tom, "found it be-

hind a big rock, sitting there as fine as you please. 'Somebody's left that,' says I to myself. 'Maybe it's some little girl as couldn't find room in the cart. I'll take it along.' I didn't know it was yours, though."

But neither Big Tom nor any one else knew about the tragedy in little Christina's life over the doll that was left behind.

Seventeen Rules for Working the Boy Problem.

1. Go after them personally, systematically, persistently. Never give up.

2. Believe in boys. Don't call a boy a "bad boy."

3. Be interested in what they are interested in, whether it be baseball, pigeons or electricity.

4. Give them something to do. Let them know the requirements. Every member present every day, on time with his Bible, a studied lesson and a mind to learn. Organize the class.

5. Know them by name. Get acquainted with them, but don't nickname them.

6. Don't "Don't" the boys. Teach positively instead of negatively. If he thinks he isn't wanted, he will go to the back-yard and take a short cut to the devil. If the house is too good for your boy it should burn.

7. Don't treat all boys alike. Study them as a farmer does his soil.

8. Allow for animal spirits. Don't

cram a four quart boy into a pint cup. Direct his activity in proper channels.

9. Be tactful with the boys. It is an art worth cultivating.

10. Keep close to them. Meet them during the week; invite them to your home.

11. Give them men teachers, but the right kind.

12. Sympathize with them. They need it and miss it when it is withheld.

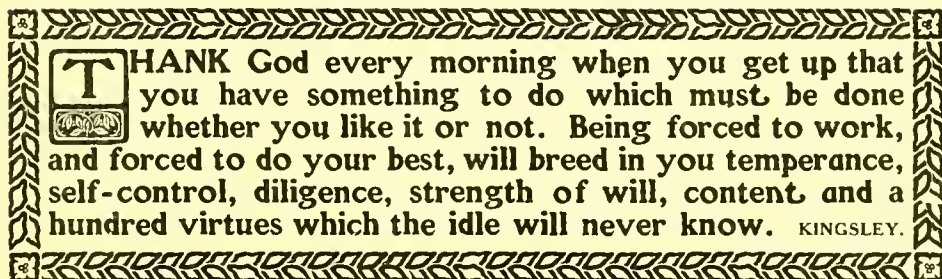
13. Love your boys. Dr. Sheldon says, "There is nothing in this world but what will yield if you put love enough into it." Get into their hearts and natures through the door of love.

14. Trust the boys. Judge Lindsay has proven the wisdom of this.

15. Be happy with your boys. Smile. There's no religion in a whine.

16. Confide in them, advise them, but don't scold.

17. In teaching, arouse interest and curiosity to gain attention and don't wait to apply a lesson till the close of class period.—Marion Lawrance.





Piney Ridge Cottage.

The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl.

By Nephi Anderson.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will
be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all
day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast
forever

One grand, sweet song."

—Charles Kingsley.

I.

Piney Ridge lay as a dot of green against the gray hillside. All around it stretched a barren, unplowed country. At the back loomed the mountains, in front the sage-brush covered plain extended for many miles to the low hills on the other side of the valley. The nearest railroad station, that of Croft, was fifteen miles away in that direction.

Strangers who had driven for the first time across those far-reaching plains, had wondered at so much land lying unoccupied. "Why," one had exclaimed, "here is room for a nation! And these young trees"—meaning the sage-brush—"what a forest there will be when these grow up!" This was before irrigation had conquered the desert, or dry-farming had been made

a success in this arid region of western America. The great "Flat" is now covered with fields of wheat and alfalfa, while shade trees and young orchards break the monotonous level of the land; but Piney Ridge, at the time of which we write, was but one of the green spots, miles apart, which bordered that sage-brush plain.

The wagon road led from the station of Croft straight across the Flat to the Ridge which formed one of the foot-hills to the mountains farther on. Here a narrow valley opened from the hills on to the Flat. In this valley flowed, during the winter and spring, a small stream. To get to Piney Ridge one followed this stream or stream bed for a few miles, until a dugway was reached which led up from the valley to the higher ground on the right. Once on top of the bench, Piney Ridge came into view. If the season was right one would then see a most beautiful sight. Piney Ridge cottage stood close to where the side hill reached the level bench land. The house, small but architecturally correct, painted white, nestled in a bower

of green. At the rear on the slope grew low bushes; farther up a few cedars spread their branches; and standing in a nearly straight row, were exactly twelve pine trees, reaching above the dwarfed shrubbery and low-growing cedars. These pines, the only ones to be seen in the valley, had given Piney Ridge its name.

In front of the house was a garden, a small part nearest the house being enclosed by a white-painted picket fence, the rest of the fence being of barbed wire. Within the first enclosure were grass, tiny gravel walks, and plats of flowers. The larger space contained fruit trees, between which were rows of vegetables. On one side of the cottage was a pole corral and a good-sized barn. Then farther out in front and on the side away from the narrow valley were small fields of hay, grain, and potatoes.

A nearer view of the house dispelled the first impression that it was built of white stone, revealing the fact that the lumber had been well smoothed and painted. A porch shaded the front door and windows. Above this porch a large dormer-window projected from the attic story. A glass door opened from this on to the porch, which was here railed in. Plain white curtains hung at all the windows, the blinds being drawn on the sunny side. A climbing vine partly covered the porch, reaching to the railing above.

One evening in the middle of May, Piney Ridge lay in its usual solitude. The day had been hot, and when the sun neared the western hills, the pearly distance became tinged with warmer colors. The door of the upper room opened and a young woman stepped out on to the porch.

As she stood there in the glow of the setting sun, she added the touch of life needed to complete the beautiful evening picture. Slender she was, but not tall; lithe and rounded in limbs, erect; she had brown hair, dark brown eyes, an oval face, pearly teeth; her complexion was also a brown, not wholly caused by burning sun or the

plentiful supply of freckles. The young woman shaded her eyes with her hand as she looked across the Flat. Then she seated herself on the railing, still looking out over the plain, as if she were expecting someone.

The girl hummed softly to herself while she waited, playing with the vine on the railing, and now and then raising her head to listen more attentively. The unclouded sun sank to rest, furnishing with its last rays Old Thunder's rugged head, and bathing all the land beneath with rosy hues. The color then left the earth, lingering yet a while in the sky. The grayness deepened. The soft tones of color harmonized with the Sabbath-like silence. Peace brooded over earth and sky and human hearts. There came to the listening girl seated on the upper porch the musical tinkling of a sheep's bell, and from the hillside, the faint trickling of falling water and the sleepy chirp of insects. The low of a cow came as thunder on the solitude and awoke the young woman to a realization that, regardless of all this solemn beauty of earth and sky, it was milking time.

The girl disappeared from the upper porch and presently came out of the side door with milking-pail in hand. She ran lightly to a nearby field, where by the bars stood two patient cows. She patted them and spoke to them endearingly, fetched a three-legged stool from a fence corner, placed it in position, pushed her head into a warm flank, and in a very few minutes the milk foamed toward the top of the pail. Her task was soon finished, and the brimming pail was taken to the milk-house, in the side-hill by the spring, through which the cool water flowed in a wooden trough. She strained away the new milk, then skimmed a pan, taking cream and milk with her back to the house.

The young woman lighted a lamp, placing it on the cold cook stove while she spread a white cloth over the oil-cloth covered kitchen table. She replaced the lamp, and put the pitcher of

milk on one side and the smaller one of cream on the other. Then she set two bowls with spoons in beside the pitchers and heaped a plate with large slices of bread. A vase containing flowers she took from a shelf and set in the center of the table. Supper was ready.

Presently there was a rattle of wheels in the yard. The girl hurried to the open door and peered into the dark. She heard two men's voices instead of the expected one, so she listened keenly. The horses were unhitched and turned into the pasture, and in a few minutes two men came into the house.

"Well, my girl," have I kept you waiting?" asked one.

"Not long, father," replied the girl, "but you are a little late."

"Yes; blame Brother Sanders here. I had to call around to get him."

The speaker was a man past middle age, medium sized, given to leanness. He wore a full but neatly trimmed beard, in which gray predominated. John Sanders was a younger man, heavy set, and slow of speech. He stood, hat in hand, and the father, Hugh Elston, had to bring him a chair before he would sit down.

"We'll have to have another bowl, Julia. Brother Sanders will eat bread and milk with us."

The third bowl and spoon were placed in position, together with a plate and a knife. While the men were out at the rear washing, the girl ran to the milkhouse and brought back a pat of butter and some slices of cold meat which she placed on the table.

Then the three sat down to supper. The father asked the blessing, and as soon as he had raised his head, he said:

"Now, help yourself, Brother Sanders. Our evening meal is very simple, but I can assure you the bread is good and the butter is good, too. Julia can't be beat in bread-making." The father and Julia broke their bread into their bowls, and the visitor followed their example. Then they

poured milk on the bread, and topped it with cream from the smaller pitcher.

"Now, Brother Sanders," continued Mr. Elston, "help yourself to meat, and don't be afraid of the butter. There isn't much of it, but Julia and I eat just bread and milk for supper."

"Oh, I like bread and milk," replied the other.

"Here, put some cream on it. We like it that way. It isn't quite right without the cream. Some people skim the milk as blue as the sky, churn the cream into butter, and then eat the butter on their bread as they drink the blue milk. We think that's a lot of work to no purpose. We like better the good milk flavored with the cream. We get closer to nature, it seems to me, in that way—but I guess Julia and I are odd, anyway," he laughed.

Although John Sanders was one of the neighbors—four and a half miles away—he was not altogether at his ease at Hugh Elston's table. In his own humble abode there was not usually a white cloth from which to eat, and although the fare that evening was very simple, there was that about the table and the eating which was different from his own. Perhaps the bunch of wild flowers in the vase held the key to the difference. Then there were the tidiness of the room, the clean walls and floors, and windows. Hugh Elston himself, whether in overalls or Sunday dress, was trim and clean, while Julia had never been seen untidy. She was as neat and as quick and as brown as a chipmunk—John Sanders had thought.

"Julia," said the father, when the bottom of the first bowl had been reached, "Brother Sanders has come specially to see you this evening. You know, he is a school trustee. They are in some trouble out of which he thinks you can help them. You'd better tell her your plans, Brother Sanders."

"What's the trouble?" asked Julia. "Well, you see," explained the trustee, "Miss Jones has to leave in a

week. She can't finish her term, she says. We don't want the school to close now, 'cause the little children's jest gettin' a start. We thought we'd like to run the school for six week yet, an' mebbby more. The superintendent says that teachers is scarce—don't know where to get one now—and we thought you might be able to teach the school."

Julia pushed her bowl away and sat back in astonishment at this. The father looked at her closely.

"Why," she said, "I can't teach school. I don't know enough. Besides—"

"Oh," interrupted the trustee, "most of the biggest scholars have already quit, an' you know it doesn't take so much learnin' to teach the little tads. My girl Sarah 'lowed she could do it, but as she hasn't got through the seventh grade yet, I don't think it would do. But you graduated from the eighth grade last year, didn't you?"

"Yes; but Brother Sanders," protested the girl, "that isn't much. You've got to know a lot to teach school—besides I haven't a certificate."

"Oh, that can be arranged for," continued Brother Sanders. "I saw the superintendent and he said he could give you a permit until the next examination."

"I couldn't take an examination—I'd be too scared."

"You don't have to if you get a permit—not yet. Your pa thinks you would be all right."

"Yes, Julia," replied the father to her look. "I think you can teach the children, but, of course, it all rests with you."

"And who'd keep house for you?" she asked.

"We'll get along."

"And how would I get to school?"

"Our children drive every morning," replied Brother Sanders. "They could call for you—now, we're dependin' on you. Shall I say you will come?"

"What shall I say, father?"

"I'll let you know tomorrow, Brother Sanders," answered the father.

"That will be time enough, won't it?"

"Oh, yes; well, I must be going. My horse wants to get home, too, I hear." They followed him into the yard.

"Good night; let us know tomorrow. We'll depend on you," he shouted as he galloped off.

When they came back into the house Julia did not as usual gather up the few dishes and wash them; she sat and looked at her father in an odd way.

"You look pretty sober, my girl," he laughed good-naturedly.

"I'm afraid already—how can I? Suppose that Bill Johnson or Tom Henries should come to school. They are as old as I am—why—" she laughed outright at the thought.

"I understand that only the little children are attending, as Brother Sanders said, and there are only a few of them. It will be a good experience for you—I fear you get lonesome here sometimes."

"Not a bit of it, father—but if you think I can do it, I'll try."

"That's the way to talk. You'll succeed. What you had better do is to visit the school a day or two and take notice of how Miss Jones does it. She might give you some pointers and lend you some books to read that will help you. I'll take you down myself tomorrow."

Then while the father did some chores outside, Julia washed the bowls and made everything orderly for the night. Usually, she sang as she did these simple duties, but this evening she was quiet. Her tasks ended, she placed a paper shade over the lamp and drew her father's easy chair up to the table. From an oil-cloth covered box in the corner she took her father's slippers and put them by the door. Then from the paper holder she drew a bundle of mail matter. Two papers and a letter she laid at her father's place, while she examined a magazine.

The father soon came in, put on his slippers, and took his place by the ta-

ble. He adjusted his glasses, opened and read the letter. Then he glanced at the "News," but did not read long. He saw that Julia was not reading. He put down the paper, pushed his glasses up on his forehead, and met his daughter's look across the table.

"Did I ever tell you that I have taught school?" he asked.

"No; why, father, I never knew that!"

"Yes; I was a school teacher for a week. That was twenty-five years ago, but I remember that week yet."

"Go on—tell me about it."

"I was a school trustee down where I lived before I moved up here to Piney Ridge. One cold winter day just before Christmas, I received word that the teacher was sick. I went to the school that morning to tell the children they would have to go home again. Such an announcement is usually met with a good deal of noisy glee, but strange to say, most of the boys and girls were disappointed. I learned the reason for this when a number of the large boys and girls gathered round me, explaining that a spelling contest was on and that that week was to see its finish. I learned that there were rival sides, and the rivalry had become intense. A good part of the day for a week was to have been taken to decide the contest, for nearly the whole spelling book was to be gone through. Wouldn't I be the teacher, and give out the spelling? they asked. That was all that would be required—that was easy, they clamored. So I promised.

"Well, for five days that school did nothing but spell. We held but one session a day, from twelve to two, but all that time we spelled. In order to give everybody a chance and keep up the game for some time, the sides ranged along opposite walls. When a word was missed but spelled by another of the same side, that side was "saved;" but if one on the opposite side spelled a missed word, the speller had a right to choose one from the

other side to come over to his. This was continued for some time, usually resulting in much exchanging of the best spellers. Then all were spelled down, and school was over for the day."

And all you had to do was to read the words from the book?" asked Julia.

"Well, yes; but I soon learned that it took skill and tact to control the school, especially when the contests became close and exciting. There were difficulties to settle, too. As it has been so long ago many of the details have slipped from me, but I remember quite distinctly one incident."

"Yes?"

"I suppose that every school has one or more bullies. We had one—I have forgotten his name. In the final test he was soon down, because he could bluster better than he could spell. The girls, as usual, were the best spellers, and on that Friday afternoon the two who stood up longest were of the older girls. One of these girls I had noticed particularly, because of her quiet ways and peculiar beauty. You look very much like her, my girl—not so much the quiet way, but the peculiar brown beauty. Well, this girl knew the speller off by heart. We had spelled all the long and hard words from Myrrh to Popocatepetl. The interest was tense. I gave a word to this girl, and I supposed she spelled it right; but the bully who was on the opposing side shouted out that she had missed. There was some confusion at this. The girl stood quietly listening to the wrangling back and forth, which I tried to quiet, stating that the word had been correctly spelled. At this the fellow lost his head and jumped up as if to hit me. Instantly that girl sprang in front of him and with her small fist raised, she commanded: 'Don't you dare touch him!'"

The fellow retreated while the school laughed.

"And she—"

"In the end she won the prize—for there was a prize, I believe—a book; but she won something else, too."

"What, father?"

"She became your mother."

II.

The morning sun climbed into the blue sky back of Piney Ridge. Shadows from the pines lay over the house and reached into the garden. Julia had been a long time getting asleep the night before, so she had overslept herself this morning. With consternation she saw the sun high in the heavens. She hurriedly dressed and came down stairs, only to find the cows milked and breakfast over for her father, who was already at work in the field.

It would be some hours yet before time to go to the school. After nibbling a little breakfast herself and clearing away the dishes, she went back to her room. She pushed up the blinds and opened the door to the fresh morning air. The twitter of nest-building birds came from the nearby tree. There was a fresh cheeriness in the morning.

Julia's room shared in the uncommonness of Piney Ridge cottage. The walls and ceiling were plastered. The wall paper was devoid of highly-colored "posy" effects. The woodwork was stained to imitate rosewood. A serviceable, but not expensive carpet covered the floor. The white enameled iron bed stood near the curtained window. A dresser occupied the largest wall space. In the corner near the outside door stood a home-made book case, the lower shelves stacked with magazines, and the upper shelves filled with books. A reading and work table and a low rocker received the best light near the glass door. A framed Madonna by Murello hung on the wall on one side of the dresser, on the other side "The Gleaners" had the place of distinction. Of course, there were the usual girls' trinkets and finishing touches of ornamentation.

Julia's room was an index to the whole house. Upstairs there was one unfinished room; the ground floor contained a bedroom, a front room, a small kitchen and a large living room. All of these were finished and furnished tastefully. Visitors to Piney Ridge cottage looked their wonder to find here in the midst of a wilderness of sage-brush, many of the comforts and signs of good taste usually found only in more favored places.

And Hugh Elston, reading their thoughts, would say: "Culture is not altogether the result of physical environment. This little home of ours is only an example of the predominance of mind over matter. When we came here there was a little wild brush on the hill-side, some cedars, those twelve pines, and the spring. Around us encircled the desert. I enlarged the spring and obtained a stream large enough for irrigation. That, of course, has been the magic touch. We have forced back the desert, not allowing its disintegrating power to encroach upon us. That is the usual trouble with isolated dwellers like us, they let the wilderness get the upper hand, and their lives become as wild and as uncouth as their environment. It is easier for us to live up to our ideals because we have made our immediate environment to help us."

"But you are a long ways from civilization."

"Oh, no. We are only fifteen miles from the railroad, and that places us in close touch with the world. We have a twice-a-week mail service. There is no reason that we can not have every comfort and convenience we desire and can afford. There are only two of us now, and our tastes are simple. Some of our neighbors think we are extravagant. * * * Oh, yes, we have neighbors scattered along the Ridge some miles apart. * * * Some of them think our window and door screens are a luxury, and that we are extravagant in the matter of books and magazines. But I tell them the money I save in taking care

of my farm tools and machinery pays three-fold for all such things. * * Yes; I'll admit, that is a gentle hint to them. I only wish they would take it more to heart. * * * Well, we take all the Church publications and the semi-weekly *Deseret News*. Then I always like to have one of the first-class Eastern magazines. I prefer the *Atlantic*, but Julia likes Harper's. So in order to please us both and keep peace in the family, we take them both. * * * Extravagant, you also think! Not at all. One good-sized calf which the buyer drives off, or one hog taken to market, or a load of wheat pays for it all—a whole year of intellectual feasting. 'Man shall not live by bread alone,' though I'll admit that I know some people who think that bread is all-sufficient if they can have a little hog fat with it."

Julia remembered some of these remarks of her father's that morning, as she looked over her books to find, perchance, something on school teaching; but there was nothing. She had kept her own school books, and she looked at the well-worn primers of her beginning days, wondering how she would be able to teach reading from such books. Her higher grade texts were more familiar, and the marginal comments in some of them brought her back to many happy school-day incidents. Julia had not started to school until she was nine years old; but she could read then and she had easily kept up with her classes. The last year in the grades had been completed in the graded school at the county seat, since which time, two years ago, she had lived with her father in their home under the shadow of the pines.

The one terrible break in the girl's uneventful life had been the death of her mother a number of years before. It seemed a long time ago to her, but the mother's face lived in her memory more real and more beautiful than the Madonna on the wall. The first years with her mother, the latter ones with her father—these had been the shap-

ing influences of her life. The big world about her had touched her chiefly through the medium of the printed page, and so its harsh noises came to her subdued; its restlessness, sin, and misery came to her safe retreat as faint echoes from a guilty world.

Julia remembered having read something about school teaching in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, so she began the task of looking for it among the big stack in the corner. This magazine had been very much of a delight to her. Ladies and gentlemen moved in statey form through its pages. Here was a world far above this common earth, at least of that which lay around Piney Ridge for many miles. The people in this world of print always spoke and acted with exact propriety. None of them would say "aint" or would eat with their knives. It was quite improper for a man to have a two-days old beard on his face, and it was an unpardonable breach of etiquette for a man to appear in his shirt sleeves even before his wife. Julia had read of these things, wondering whether she could not introduce some of this "higher living" into their own commonplace lives. She used to discuss these points with her father. He was of the opinion that people who wrote for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and like magazines could not enter into the needs of the Western farmers and ranchers; "however," said he, "it's a good thing to have a high ideal, even if we can't always reach it. Common sense also ought to be mixed plentifully with the expression of the idealist who does nothing but sit at a desk and write out his opinions. I, for instance, could always wear my coat at the table, but it would be pretty uncomfortable, especially in the summer, and I'd pay high for my bit of style."

While Julia was looking for something on school that morning she came across a printed menu card that she had tried to follow. It was one of the simplest of the many dinners outlined, consisting of five courses only. She

laughed heartily now at the recollection of that elaborate meal which she had served her father, trying to get in all the fancy touches of the "real thing." She remembered that two "numbers" had been added to the menu: a flood of tears from her, ending in a merry laugh in which her father heartily joined.

Julia heard her father come into the house. He called to her from the foot of the stairs.

"All right, father," she replied. "Are you waiting for me?"

"No, no; I think we'll have to wait until tomorrow to visit the school. I find I can't very well get away today. Will that be all right?"

"Yes—I suppose so," she replied.

Julia went to the open outer door and looked out. She resumed the hummed tune and went down again on the floor among her books. She had been disappointed in not being able to carry out the original program for the day, but she knew it did not matter. A sheet of paper fell from her geography. Picking it up she found it was a note Glen Curtiss had written her, asking her to go with him to a dance. She remembered how the teacher had interrupted the message, had read it, and later had given it to her, and how embarrassed she had been. She had not dared write a note back to him, and as she had been too shy to speak to him about it, he had received no reply. Glen had quit school shortly after. She had received other notes from other boys, but she had quickly destroyed them all. There seemed to have been something different in Glen's note, so she had kept it.

Julia found the article she was looking for, but as it was time to go down stairs and get dinner, she did not read it. After dinner she took the magazine and went out in the garden. She sat down on the rustic seat near the little heart-shaped flower bed, and read the article; but it did not treat on primary teaching, so she got very little help from it.

Then she worked for a while in the garden. Her flowers were not doing so well this summer—perhaps she had neglected them. This garden had originally been laid out by her mother; and for her sake, the girl had tried to keep it up; but it was quite a care at times. Sometimes the water was scarce, and then the weeds had a habit of growing much thriftier than the flowers. She trimmed the little walk which curved around the grass plats, and carried some water to a drooping flower. Then she put on her sun-bonnet and walked out past the barn by the water ditch which ran along the edge of the hill. Some light, fleecy clouds obscured the sun, so she took off her bonnet. There was a story in the magazine which she had not read, so she began it as she walked along.

A quarter of a mile from Piney Ridge Cottage, along the path Julia was taking was a grave-yard. A stout picket fence enclosed a few rods of ground in which were five graves. This grave-yard was another example of Hugh Elston's "extravagance." From the end of his field in that direction, a ditch extended some rods through the sage-brush to the enclosure, and in this ditch enough of the precious water was sent to keep alive some rose and lilac bushes and a few square rods of grass. Here Hugh Elston had buried his wife, and later he had invited others of his distant neighbors who had suffered loss to bring their dead and let them sleep in this spot of green, rather than in the desolate loneliness of a single grave on the dry hillside.

Julia opened the gate and went into the enclosure. Her mother's grave was in one corner, and the bushes there were large enough to cast a shade over the mound. Some hardy flowers blossomed along the edge, and Julia placed near the headstone a handful of wild blossoms she had gathered on the way. Then she sat down on the grass to finish reading her story.

Julia, being a girl, liked to read a

story—and especially a love story. Her father thought it part of wisdom not to forbid her reading stories, but to furnish her with the best. "First," said he, "those that are imbued with the spirit of the Gospel," and for that reason he subscribed for the Church magazines—then the best that are found in the high class magazines of the world. These could do no harm, and would give her an outlook on the world's thoughts and feelings.

Out of her reading, Julia had formed her ideals, among them being an ideal lover. She was not foolish enough to think that this lover must of necessity come from some city, and be clad in fashionable attire. Neither did she fancy the brave, dashing cowboy sometimes described in her reading. The cowboys whom she had met were as a rule, not of the story-book kind. Boys there were on the neighboring ranches, and some of them she knew very well. A number of them attended Sunday School and sometimes they came to meeting. A few of them had tried to get better acquainted with her, but either they had lacked tact or courage or she had discouraged them by her strange, distant ways. Perhaps all these causes had something to do with the fact that Julia Elston was yet as heart-free as the breezes that played in the tops of the pines. Yet she had her ideal, somewhat intangible, a far-away something sacred to her that would some day be made clearly manifest.

She finished her story, let the magazine drop to the grass, and then she sat looking at the mound before her. The

story had ended strangely. Someone had died, and thus solved a vexed problem. Yes, she thought, death does sometimes solve problems, and then again it creates them. Here was her mother. She remembered her as a dear soul, a beautiful woman. She must have been good and brave to have been willing to help her father make a home in this wilderness. Why had they come here? Why had they not lived in the city, or at least in some country settlement where there was more society? In the beginning it must have been hard. There was something in the life of her father and mother that she had not been told. Her father had always trusted her, had in recent years counseled with her on all his doings; but she knew that there was one chapter in his life which he desired to remain as if forgotten. She had long ago respected that wish—but why should she not know!

The fleecy clouds melted into the dry, warm air, and the sun shone again. The afternoon was passing. The lilac bush cast a long shadow over the grove. She would have to go home.

As she sprang to her feet, and turned around she gave a scream of fright. A man was standing outside the fence. He was clean-shaven with a Panama hat tilted back on his head. He was leaning against the fence, his arms on the pickets, his chin in his hands, looking at her. When she screamed, he straightened and said:

"I beg your pardon. I did not mean to frighten you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The greatest luxury of wealth is one the rich little avail themselves of—the pleasure of making the poor happy.

The Arab and His Religion.

By J. M. Tanner.

I.

Next to the Christian and the Jew, the Arab and his religion are of greatest interest from a religious point of view to the Christian world. We shall not discuss here whether any nationality was made for its religion or the religion for the nationality. It is very certain as the world now stands that there is a peculiar relation in the mental make-up of the various nations of the world and the religions which they profess.

The Arab will always have an important place in religious history. His importance today in the civilized world, if measured by wealth and education, is of no great consequence. The remarkable thing about this wonderful race is not so much what it is as what it has the capacity to be. When one takes into consideration the wonderful alertness of the Arab's mind, and his ability to respond to vigorous action, one naturally wonders why he is not making more stir in the world about him.

Who is the Arab? Whence came he? He traces his ancestry back to the days of Abraham and claims his descent through Ishmael the son of Hagar. The call of the Arab to national life; the promise that he shall be a great nation are both found in Holy Writ. To Hagar, the Angel of the Lord said: "I will multiply thy seed exceedingly, and it shall not be numbered for multitude. Thou shalt bear a son and shall call his name Ishmael. His hand will be against every man and every man's hand against him."

A fulfillment of that divine message began in one of those domestic disturbances in which the Lord evidently spoke through Sarah, who saw the son of Hagar mocking at the feast of Isaac's emergence from babyhood: "Cast out this bond-woman," she said, "and her son, for the son of this bond-woman shall not be heir with my son,

even with Isaac." Abraham was commanded of the Lord to heed the words of Sarah, and he "rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away; and she departed and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba."

Now Beersheba is in Southern Judea near the line that marks the boundary between Palestine and Arabia. Into its wilderness Hagar departed. It is a rough mountainous country and is today as uninviting as it was in those ancient times. Crossing over those upland deserts, Hagar and her son reached the flats and outstretched lands of their inheritance. The circumstance that brought Hagar and her son into a new land apart from the family of which she formed a part, was more than an outburst of jealous passion. Between the lines of that Bible story one may read the story of a divine purpose. Abraham, Sarah and Hagar were the merest instrumentalities which brought into existence nations whose religious lives became foremost in the history of the world. The incidents of that family disturbance in themselves counted for little. It was what God made of them that has given them such far-reaching consequences in the religious history of the world. "And of Ishmael," God said, "I will make him a great nation."

Of this first Arab of the desert we hear little more. His mother was an Egyptian, and he took to wife an Egyptian. For nearly two thousand years the descendants of Hagar's son were wanderers in a strange and forbidding land. Except the tribal wars which were carried on between these Nomadic tribes of the desert, very little of their history is known. The fulfillment of God's promises respecting Ishmael broke in upon the world, from the birth and life of Mohammed, the second great Arab.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - FEBRUARY, 1911

The Dangers of Excitement.

Some men talk in excitement, walk in excitement and live in excitement. Its spirit often carries them from their moorings and destroys the stability of their natures. The spirit of excitement is filled with dangers; dangers that affect the happiness and welfare of those thus unable to control themselves.

People who allow their excitable natures to sway them are generally the victims of suspicion—suspicion that is sometimes as cruel as the grave. In their suspicions they become the victims of all sorts of credulity, and lying spirits and power over them. Their speculations are looked upon as demonstrated truths. They make no distinction between facts and opinions and are therefore in a state of mind to do all sorts of wrong to their fellow-men.

Those who yield to the spirit of excitement become in time the subjects of all sorts of delusions and are filled with vain imaginations. The spirit of truth leaves them and they learn to love lies. Men and women thus affected lose the spirit of justness and fairness. Robbed of their calmness they jump to hasty conclusions that are misleading and harmful.

The Latter-day Saints by reason of their manifold duties in various organizations throughout the Church are in a large measure judges of their fellow-men. For that reason the Saints should inculcate the spirit of patience and calmness, and should deliberate in their judgments and be careful of their opinions, in order that they may not inflict injustice upon their fellow-man.

One of the most notable dangers, perhaps, of the spirit of excitement, is the hatred which grows out of the suspicion which excitement begets. The spirit of evil works more freely upon an excitable and uncontrollable nature. Suspicion whispers falsehood. Falsehoods create jealousies, misgivings, envy, and lastly hatred. There is perhaps in all human nature some measure of excitability which, however good in itself, must be guarded in order that it become not excessive. There are those who are extremely excitable by nature. They should be continually on their guard and remember the danger into which their excitability, if uncontrolled, will swiftly carry them. There is, lastly, a very great likelihood that excitability will weaken the courage of man and make of him, in the presence of trivial obstacles, a retreating coward. We are living in an excitable age. Many are excitable largely by reason of the habits of excessiveness, and unnatural living.

Those who practice self-control add to the stability of their lives, to their own happiness, and to the welfare of others.

Addressing Sunday School Children.

No man ought ever to address children unless he knows what he is going to say, how he is going to say it, and why he is going to say it.

1. Always use the simplest, plainest words—monosyllables, if possible.

2. Never speak without having a distinct object in view.

3. Allow no side issue to divert you from the object.

4. Never tell a story because of its having a laugh in it.

5. Do not talk a long while. Children are too polite to express dissatisfaction, though your talk may greatly bore them.

6. Use enough of legitimate illustration or anecdote to hold the attention of the children, but be very careful that it is appropriate and has sense in it.

7. Watch the tones of your voice. Boys can see as quickly as any elocutionist when you have gone from the natural to the false, the falsetto to the declamatory; that is to say, they know when you are "speaking your piece," and they will at once say to themselves, "I can speak better than that myself." Then it is time for you to sit down.

8. Never ask children for their attention, nor allow any one else to ask it for you; for, if you do, ten to one

the children are not at fault, but yourself. Say something to rivet attention, or stop.

Humane Day.

It has been our custom, for many years past, to designate one Sunday in February for the teaching of kindness to animals. This year the date falls on February 26th. We hope our teachers will not fail to prepare some good lesson for their pupils on Humane Day. Of late, in the United States, there has been a revival of interest in the subject, resulting in the passing of some good wholesome laws for the protection of our dumb animals. But, while the passage of laws and ordinances may, in some measure, prevent cruelty to animals, they will not entirely remedy the evil: this is a matter of education. Our children must be taught, from infancy, to be kind and tender to the animals God has placed in our care. It should be a matter of principle, not law. When every soul gets into the condition of mind that he will go out of his way to ease the suffering of a dumb animal, then many of the cruelties now complained of will disappear from the earth for ever. We join with all good citizens in the effort to awaken the public conscience in regard to this subject.

Lead, Little Feet.

By Bertha A. Kleinman.

Lead, little feet, with the rhyme of your patter,
 Play it was I who had blundered my way,
 Out of the routine, Oh, let me trip after,
 Lead, little feet, I will follow today.

Hold, little hands, should I stumble or falter.
 I am a pilgrim and you are my stay;
 Beacons may fail me but you will not alter,
 Hold little hands for I need you alway.

Lead, little heart, yours the wings that shall take me
 Out of my worries when days shall be long;
 Let me be just what your trusting would make me—
 Worthy of you—little sunshine—lead on.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and
Stephen L. Richards.*

Have You Renewed Your Subscription?

In our visiting through the stakes, we frequently meet Sunday School officers who, when reminded of the necessity of every officer and teacher having the JUVENILE, make this excuse:

"Why, I've been taking the JUVENILE until just lately—in fact, I've been a subscriber nearly all my life, but my subscription has expired, and I haven't taken the time to renew it. I will do so right away."

If good intentions paid for renewals, there would not be a delinquency in the Church. A renewal, however, requires good intention plus one dollar! Superintendents will do well to bring this matter impressively before their officers and teachers, that none of them can say truthfully, "I intended to, but didn't think."

Subscribe now, at the beginning of Forty-Six.

The Los Angeles Sunday School.

In the Los Angeles branch in the California mission is one of the progressive Sunday Schools of the Church. The session visited recently by one of the general superintendency was up-to-date in every respect. The nine-thirty prayer meeting and the weekly Local Board meeting are held regularly, and are effective means of improving the general Sunday School work.

President Joseph E. Robinson, commenting upon the efficiency of the

weekly preparation meeting, made this statement:

"When the superintendency of the Los Angeles Sunday School instituted the Local Board meeting one evening a week, I noticed a decided impetus in the work, and a much better attendance at the officers' preliminary meeting Sunday morning. A new energy seemed infused into the whole body of Sunday School workers."

It is indeed gratifying to know of the success of the Sunday School cause throughout the various missions. It is a mighty missionary factor at home and abroad!

Ward Conferences for 1911.

At as early a date as possible, each stake superintendency and board should prepare the program they wish wards to follow in the regular annual Sunday School conference of their respective stake.

Ward conferences should be held as near as possible on the anniversary of the organization of the school.

Programs should be submitted to the General Board for approval and recommendations.

Enthusiasm.

"What is the matter with Christians that they are so lacking in enthusiasm? The answer is that the nature is saturated, soaked by the chilling drizzle of worldliness, and along with this deterioration of nature comes a diminishing of the vision of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man, and because there is a shad-

owed vision the glowing purpose is also lacking, and the soul does not catch fire. What, then, shall we do? Let us go back to Him who is a zealous God, so eager and ardent in His love that He gave His only begotten Son. If we are not ablaze in the pres-

ence of such a gospel, it is because we have a heart of stone; but He who knows our frame and who remembers that we are dust has promised to remove the heart of stone and to give us a heart of flesh."—Jefferson.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1911.

(Superintendents may divide work according to their best judgment. The entire Articles of Faith will be recited at the Deseret Sunday School Union Conference, in April, 1911.)

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

1. We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.
2. We believe that men will be punished for their own sins and not for Adam's transgression.
3. We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.
4. We believe that the first principles and ordinances of the Gospel are: First, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; Second, Repentance; Third, Baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; Fourth, Laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost.
5. We believe that a man must be called of God by "prophecy, and by the laying on of hands," by those who are in authority, to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof.
6. We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive church, namely: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc.
7. We believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.
8. We believe the Bible to be the word of God, as far as it is translated correctly; we also believe the Book of Mormon to be the word of God.
9. We believe all that God has revealed all that he does now reveal, and we believe that he will yet reveal many great and important things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.
10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the ten tribes. That Zion will be built upon this (American) continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory.
11. We claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where, or what they may.
12. We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law.
13. We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say that we follow the admonition of Paul, "We believe all things, we hope all things;" we have endured many things, and hope to be able to endure all things. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR MARCH.

How great the wisdom and the love
That filled the Courts on high,
And sent the Savior from above
To suffer, bleed and die.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter

Classes of Criticism.

One of the leading motives, if not the fundamental principle in the organization of Parents' Classes, is *helpfulness*. The first class of this kind in the Church was given instructions on How to help the children to prepare Sunday School lessons. In fact the non-preparation of pupils was one condition that suggested the necessity of the co-operation of parents in Sunday School work. From this beginning the scope of the department widened, including in its sphere the educating of parents, the improving of the family circle, the uplifting of the home, and the betterment of social and community life.

These purposes are most worthy, and meet with the hearty approval of civil as well as ecclesiastical officers. But in at least one or two instances, the parents' class has become a center of criticism—a fault-finding organization in which persons as well as conditions receive severe censure. They are classes of criticism, not classes of *action*. And while this criticism is carried on in a general way before members of the class, the person found fault with may know nothing about it, perhaps for several weeks. In one instance, a public institution was condemned severely by one of the instructors in the class, because it was not conducted in the way he thought it should be. One or two members took up the theme, and about precipitated what promised to be general condemnation proceedings. A stake officer who chanced to be present, learning that this was the second class period devoted to just such criticism, turned the tide of accusation, and started a flow of inquiry by asking a few such questions as these:

"Have you spoken to the president of that institution?"

"Have you appointed a committee to investigate these hearsay charges?"

"Do the officers know that such things are being said?"

To each of these questions, a negative answer was given. The divine injunction, "If you've aught against a brother, go to him," had been disregarded, and the class blindly supposed they were doing their duty in publicly criticising and condemning.

Such work as this, tears down; it does not build up. It impairs, but does not strengthen. It aggravates evil conditions, but does not improve them.

What Parents' Classes may do profitably and legitimately is illustrated clearly in the following letter from the superintendency of the St. Joseph Stake, Arizona:

Dear Brother:

In compliance with your wishes, we submit the following report:

Early in the spring of this year we took up the subject of intemperance in our Union meeting, through the Parents' Class department, which, in a short time, spread over the stake. Later the sentiment became so strong against saloons that, with the aid of the good citizens of the valley, not of our faith, on the 17th of October, with a local option election, we voted the saloons out of our beautiful valley, and there is not now a licensed saloon within forty miles of us.

In the way of proselyting, our Sunday School has been the main factor in converting a family consisting of a father, three daughters and one son. We also have, in another part of our stake a number of people not of our faith, who are taking part in our Sunday School class exercises, and investigating the truths of the gospel.

We intended to take up in the coming year, in a systematic manner, the

Lesson 8. "From the Wilderness to Cana."

The events immediately following the temptations of Jesus are recorded by but one of the evangelists, viz., John. We read of the Baptist's second testimony (John 1:29, 36) in which he referred to Christ as "The Lamb of God." Two of the Baptist's disciples, Andrew and John, immediately followed Christ. Andrew sought his brother Simon and testified of the Messiah. (John 1:41). The two brothers came to Jesus who gave Simon a new name, "Cephas," which is an Aramaic word, or "Peter," which is a Greek term, meaning a stone. Observe that this new name was afterward confirmed.

On the day following the meeting between Peter and Jesus, the same authoritative call, "Follow me," came to Philip. (John 1:43). Philip was unable to keep the good news to himself and sought out Nathanael to whom he testified of Jesus. On hearing from Philip that the new prophet was a Nazarene, Nathanael asked in surprise, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Observe the simplicity of Philip's answer, "Come and see." Observe also Nathanael's complete conversion, and his testimony of Jesus as the Son of God. (John 1:45-51). Nathanael is subsequently known as Bartholomew (see references in outline). These five—John, Andrew, Peter, Philip and Nathanael—were called in quick succession; by obedience to that call, "Follow me," they became disciples of the Christ. Afterward each of them became an apostle by specific ordination as one of the organized twelve. A disciple may be merely a believer in, or a follower of a leader of men, but an apostle is one called to be a special witness of the Christ, testifying of his own knowledge; this is the specific privilege and function of the apostleship. (Doc. & Cov. 107:23.)

We next hear of Jesus as one of a wedding party at Cana in Galilee.

(John 2:1-11). Both Jesus and His mother were there. For some reason, not specifically set forth or explained, the mother of Jesus manifested some concern, and apparently showed some sense of responsibility in the matter of providing for the guests. It was then that Christ manifested His power in performing the first specific miracle recorded of Him. This first miracle was accomplished amid conditions denoting rather privacy than publicity.

The teacher should carefully study in this connection the subject of miracles in general, and the significance of miracles as an element of individual testimony. (See "Articles of Faith," lecture 12). We believe that a miracle is a special occurrence not contrary to the laws of nature, but in accordance with higher laws than those with which we are ordinarily accustomed to deal. That one may speak in an ordinary tone and be heard and understood by a listener miles away is a miracle beyond all credence and acceptance to those who know nothing of the telephone; whereas, it is with us of such ordinary occurrence as to pass without comment. The teacher should select such simple instances as will be best adapted to the class.

Lesson 9. "His Early Public Ministry."

At the close of our last lesson we left Jesus at Cana; from this place He went to Capernaum, which came to be known as His own city. (Matt. 9:1; see also John 2:12, 13). On this occasion His stay at Capernaum was brief. Another Passover feast was approaching, and under the law it was the duty of the Jews to attend the Passover festival at Jerusalem.

As a devout Jew, Jesus was disturbed over the corruption of the temple service, which He regarded as a sacrilege against His Father's house. He made a determined effort to cleanse the sacred precincts and even resorted to physical force approaching

violence. Within the temple enclosure He found those who sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, to be used in the prescribed sacrifices, also money-changers who made great profit in supplying temple coins in exchange for the ordinary Roman money. Those unholy traffickers He drove out with the peremptory admonition, "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise."

The Jews demanded proof of His authority to so act; in reply He proclaimed His divine origin by predicting His approaching death and resurrection in these words. "Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up." The Jews apparently misunderstood Him and thought that He referred to the temple of masonry, when in fact He referred to the temple of His body. (John 2: 18-22; see also Matt. 26: 61; 27: 40; Luke 24: 6-8). Observe that the human body is elsewhere called a temple of God (see I Cor. 3: 16; 6: 19; II Cor. 6: 16). It is well to note in this connection a later attempt on the part of Christ to cleanse His Father's house (see outline).

It appears to have been soon after the cleansing of the temple that Jesus was visited by one of the rulers of the Jews, named Nicodemus. (John 3: 1-21). Observe that this man had a partial conviction of Christ's divinity, and that his testimony, such as it was, was based on the evidence of miracles (verse 2). Jesus expounded to him the principles of the gospel, explaining the baptism of water and of the Spirit, and made plain that obedience to the law of the gospel is required of all. Note the evidence that these principles of the gospel had been taught before this time. (Read carefully verse 10). To Nicodemus Christ made the second prediction of His death and declared the manner thereof (verse 14).

Study the significance of the title "The Son of Man," (verse 14; see also John 1: 51; 8: 28, Matt. 8: 20; Acts 7: 56; Dan. 7: 13); and observe

that in the four gospels the title is applied to Jesus by Himself alone (see also Doc. & Cov. 49: 6; 58: 65; 65: 5; 122: 8).

From the city Christ journeyed to the country. Note that baptisms were performed by Christ's authority. Here we have to deal with the interesting incident of the great concern manifested by the disciples of John the Baptist over the success attained by Christ. In this connection study carefully the testimony of the Baptist as to the superiority of Jesus. This constituted the Baptist's final testimony. (John 3: 25-36). The humility manifested by the Baptist is such as we witness only in the truly great.

Follow the suggestions and observe note presented in the last two paragraphs of the outline for these lessons.

Church History.

FEBRUARY LESSONS.

There are three distinct ideas in this month's work: first, the coming forth of the Nephite Record; second, the organization of the Church; and, third, the removal of the Church to Ohio. It is easy to do one of two things with any one of these ideas: either to get lost in a multitude of details and not finish anything, or to spend the time on some relatively unimportant detail. Neither of these, it is perhaps needless to say, should be done. The teacher should seek out in each lesson the idea that he thinks best for his particular class.

There can be no doubt that in the first lesson for this month (lesson 4) the central idea is that God inspired the Prophet to do this work. *What* was it that was brought forth? and *how* was it brought forth?—these questions, it seems to us, cover the whole ground. Let the teacher make every detail discussed in the class centre in these. Then, too, as to the matter of evidences, he should be careful to consider only the most characteristic

and striking, for there will not be time to take up any other. A good topic for assignment would be, compare the reasons (or any particular line of evidence) for believing the Book of Mormon to be divine with those for the Bible. Each individual in the class ought to put this question to himself:—Why do I believe the Nephite Record to be of God?

Similarly, the second lesson for the month should be treated (lesson 5.) The central idea here, of course, is the Restoration of the Priesthood, the authority to establish the Church. All else ought to revolve round this as the centre. Let each student bring this matter home to himself by asking, first, do I really and truly believe the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to be of God; and, second, Why do I believe it—what is there in it that gives me this confidence? Every one in the class should get some good working idea from the recitation—something that will strengthen his faith. An individual assignment may be (1) Compare our organization with that of other churches; (2) Compare it with what we have in the New Testament; (3) Show that Joseph Smith the Prophet was original in thus effecting this organization (so far as it was *he* that did it.)

The central idea of the next lesson lies in the growth of the Church in New York. This lesson is not, of course, so important as either of the preceding, especially the one next preceding.

MARCH LESSONS.

Note how, in Lesson 7, the interest in the Lamanites arose. What did this interest lead to? Was the mission to the Indians a failure? If not, why not? Perhaps the most prac-

tical point here lies in the fact that things may be regarded as a failure and yet not be so. This thought might be extended to others. Another outstanding thought is, what sacrifice the early brethren used to make for their convictions! On this whole mission, Parley P. Pratt's account in his *Autobiography* is the most complete. The main thought in the removal of the Church to Ohio centres in the *why*.

In Lesson 8, the central idea is, of course, *Zion*. Opportunity should be taken here to explain our belief that *Zion will be redeemed*. This should occupy most attention. The phrase, "the redemption of Zion," is not so clear to our young people today. To some it has no meaning at all. Clear up the situation, if you don't do anything else in this lesson.

Lesson 9 should concern itself with the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants, primarily. This book is not so much read as it should be. And yet it is the Bible of the nineteenth century—the word of God to *us* and not to people living centuries ago. Induce your class to read the volume, or parts of it. It may be that assignments could be made of certain revelations to certain individual members of the class, for reports next Sunday.

Note:—Would it not be a good thing in your Fast Sunday recitations to lead the testimonies of the class upon topics connected with their studies in the history of the Church? How do they feel concerning it? What good are they getting out of it? What ideas does it call up in them? What parts of it impress them most? Why?

Your work in the class ought to make the members think and feel differently from what they otherwise would.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work for those who will.—Lowell.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford

INTRODUCTORY.

In this course it is the aim to cover the entire Book of Mormon. The student should remember, throughout, these facts: (1) The Book of Mormon contains the history of three distinct peoples, namely, (a) the Jaredites, who came from the tower of Babel and lived here until some time after 600 B. C.; (b) the descendants of Lehi, who came from Jerusalem and flourished here from the latter date until the end of the fourth century A. D., when the Nephites became extinct as a nation; (c) the Mulekites, who also came from Jerusalem and lived here as a distinct nation for about four hundred years, when they united with the Nephites. (2) The Book of Mormon, excepting only (a) the first one hundred and fifty-seven pages, (b) the record of Ether, and (c) from page five hundred and sixty-three to the end of the volume, is an abridgement made by one man, Mormon. (3) The "small plates," which cover the first one hundred and fifty-seven pages of the Book of Mormon, contain the ecclesiastical history of the Nephite nation during the first four hundred years, and were not abridged. (4) The Book of Ether is an abridgement of the history of the Jaredite nation, made by Moroni. (5) The "large plates" contain the political, with some religious, history of the Nephites, and were abridged by Mormon. (6) Study as if the whole recitation depended on you alone; we do not know a thing until we are able to tell it.

LEHI LEAVES JERUSALEM.

Lehi, with his family—comprising his wife Sariah and, as far as we know, four sons—lived at Jerusalem about 600 years B. C., during the reign of Zedekiah, king of Judah. He was one of the prophets whom the Lord

sent to warn the Jews of their wickedness. Like others of his companions, he was hated of the Jews for his teachings. He preached long and earnestly to the people, for which in the end they sought his life. It was at this crisis that the Lord commanded the prophet to depart with his family into the wilderness. Leaving his house and considerable wealth behind him, he set out in obedience to the command. The family traveled as far as the Red Sea, a distance of about three days journey from Jerusalem, staying for a time in a valley which Lehi named Lemuel, after his second son.

SECURING THE BRASS PLATES.

While Lehi was in the valley of Lemuel the Lord commanded him to send his sons to Jerusalem for the "brass plates." These plates were the records of the Jews, parts of which are the same as the books in our English Bible, and contained an account of Lehi's ancestors, and the Lord's dealings with His children, from Adam to Jeremiah. Obedient to the divine behest, these sons went to the Holy City. Arriving within view of its walls, they cast lots to determine which of them should enter; the lot fell upon Laman. He went into the city, asked Laban, the keeper of the sacred records, for the plates, and was driven out by the angry Israelite. Discouraged, he returned to his brothers. They determined to make another trial. This time the four entered the city, taking to Laban's house the gold and silver and precious things which their father's family had left at Jerusalem when they fled into the wilderness. Unwilling to give up the records, but lusting, nevertheless, for the wealth which they offered him, the malicious Laban thrust them out sending his servants to kill them. Nephi proposed another trial but the elder brothers, Laman

and Lemuel, objected on the ground that it was useless, since they had failed twice. Nephi protested, the two elder brothers became angry and beat him; but were prevented from doing further violence by the appearance of an angel, who commanded them to cease beating their younger brother and return to Jerusalem, adding that they should obtain the plates. Nephi went alone by night into the city, and upon reaching the house of Laban, found him lying upon the ground drunken. At the command of the spirit, thrice repeated, Nephi slew Laban, putting on the dead man's clothing and armor. Nephi repaired to the treasurer, and commanded him, in Laban's voice, to get the plates and follow him without the gates where his brethren were waiting. Zoram obeyed, thinking that reference was made to his "brethren of the Jews." The three brothers, seeing Nephi and mistaking him for Laban, who they supposed had killed their younger brother and was coming to kill them also, began to flee, but were recalled by Nephi this time speaking in his own voice. Zoram took alarm at this, but was prevented from returning to the city by Nephi, who promised him his freedom if he would go into the wilderness. This proposal was accepted by the servant, and the five left the city for their father's camp.

THE COLONY RECEIVES NEW STRENGTH.

The "brass plates" having been obtained, Lehi received a second command. It was, that he should delay his journey until he could be joined by another family whom the Lord would designate. Accordingly, the four young men were dispatched to Jerusalem for the purpose of getting Ishmael and his family to join them. All that we know of Ishmael is that he was a descendant of Ephraim, and that he had a large family. So far as is known, the family was easily induced to accompany Lehi on his journey. Two sons of Ishmael were mar-

ried and each had a family. They, too, accompanied the boys to the camp of Lehi. On the way, disputes arose between Laman and Lemuel and the sons of Ishmael on the one hand and Nephi and Ishmael on the other; as a result of which Nephi was bound, and at one time despaired of his life. But ultimately matters were adjusted, and all continued their journey to the valley of Lemuel. Arrived there, the daughters of Ishmael were given in marriage to the sons of Lehi, Nephi most probably choosing the young girl who so nobly took his part in the quarrel that occurred on the way thither. Thus, the colony was considerably increased in number and strength.

FROM THE VALLEY OF LEMUEL TO THE SEA.

After dwelling for some time in the valley of Lemuel, during which time glorious visions were given to Lehi, and later to Nephi, the Lord instructed Lehi to continue the journey. Upon rising one morning he found at his tent door a ball or compass, of curious workmanship, which he called Liahona and which, pointing in the direction they ought to travel, he afterwards found to work according to their faith. They left the valley, traveling in a southeasterly direction. In four days they reached Shazer. At one of their camping places, Nephi broke his bow, an event notable because it was the only one left of any service. In consequence, there was much murmuring and complaining against the Lord, and some suffering. Nephi was the only one that did not complain. But the inventive genius of the young man soon provided bows and arrows, after which there was plenty of food provided.

Looking on the ball for instructions as to where to seek food, Lehi was severely chastened by what he saw written thereon. Continuing the company journeyed for many days in the same direction, pitching their tents in a place which they called Nahom.

Here Ishmael died, which circumstance caused much sorrow and a fresh outburst of wrath on the part of Laman, Lemuel, and others, accompanied by a threat to take Nephi's life and return to Jerusalem. Now, as on so many similar occasions the Lord interposed directly, and all was peace and harmony again. From now on, they traveled due east, reaching the sea—probably an arm of the Indian ocean—eight years from the time that Lehi left Jerusalem. During these years, they had suffered a great deal from hunger and fatigue, and had seen many great manifestations of the Divine hand.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

The place on the sea shore where they encamped they called Bountiful, from the profusion of trees, grass, fruit, and wild animals. Here the Lord commanded Nephi to build a ship after a pattern which He would show him. The youth proceeded to obey the command, a thing which his brothers characterized as the very height of presumption. "Behold! our brother thinketh to build a ship." Nevertheless, Nephi was undaunted. He dug ore from the mountain, made bellows from the skins of animals and constructed implements with which to build the ship. Meantime, his elder brothers refused to lift a hand by way of help, but rather looked on and scoffed. Nephi urged that it was not his plan but the Lord's; and as he reasoned with them, and as they in anger were about to lay hold of him, he said: "Touch me not! I am filled with the power of God even unto the consuming of my flesh, and if ye touch me ye shall wither as a dry reed." They did not touch him; but, shaken by God's power, they acknowledged their error; and Nephi had to restrain them lest they should worship him. Henceforth, they assisted in building the ship, and when it was finished, they marveled at the beauty and workmanship of it.

They now gathered abundance of seeds of every kind and provisions enough for the journey. They had probably been in the land of Bountiful between two and two and a half years. Everything now being in readiness, they embarked on the great sea Irreantum.

THE VOYAGE.

Probably getting into an ocean current, and assisted also by a gentle wind, Lehi's colony began their voyage, sailing a little south of east. They had not been on the waters many days before the more wayward ones began dancing and making merry, and it became necessary for Nephi to restrain them. This was the signal for another wrathful outburst. "Who is Nephi that he should rule over his elders?" So they bound the young man and continued their merry-making. As a consequence of these acts, the Lord caused a storm to arise, which drove the ship the wrong way and frightened the unruly ones into submission. Moreover, since Nephi had been bound there was none to help the aged parents and their two children,—Jacob and Joseph—who had been born in the wilderness. What with fear and sea sickness and perils, they were in very straightened circumstances, and so decided to release Nephi. Immediately the sea became calm, the compass renewed its work, happiness was restored and the ship again pursued its onward course. They reached the promised land—America—near Valparaiso, Chile, thirty degrees south latitude. Leaving the ship, they offered up sacrifices and burnt offerings, feeling grateful to the Lord for their safe deliverance. This land they found to be indeed a choice one—"choice above all other lands"—as the Lord had said in a revelation to Lehi, before he had ever seen it. Wild animals that had been left by the ancient people, the Jaredites, roamed on the mountains unmolested. From the sunny plains in the lowlands, where eternal ver-

clure decorated the landscape, they could ascend to the mountain-tops—a region of perpetual snow.

LEHI BLESSING HIS CHILDREN.

Shortly after Lehi reached the Promised Land, he came before his children and said: "I have dreamed a dream, or in other words, I have had a vision, by which I know that Jerusalem has been destroyed."

Whether Lehi saw the whole picture of the destruction of Jerusalem or not, we cannot tell; and it is possible that he never knew that some of the relatives of King Zedekiah would go to the Promised Land, and unite with his people four hundred years later. But during this destruction of the city of Jerusalem, Zedekiah, the king, was taken captive to Babylon; his eyes were put out before he reached Babylon, and his children were destroyed by fire, in the place called Riblah. This monarch, therefore, learned too late, that Lehi and Jeremiah and others who came into the city of Jerusalem were prophets. After the colony had spent more time on this continent, Lehi called his family around him, knowing that he must soon go down to the grave, and gave them each a blessing. He gave to Laman and Lemuel his choicest blessings on condition of their righteousness; but in case they were to rebel against their younger brother Nephi and their God, they were to have a "sore curse" placed upon them. Each son in return received a blessing from Lehi; but probably, the most interesting one was that of Joseph, Lehi's youngest son. He called Joseph's attention to the good name that he bore—showed him that there was an ancient prophet, their ancestor, who was sold into Egypt, bearing the same name, and that in the last days there should be another great seer raised up who should also bear the name of Joseph. He quoted the words of the ancient Joseph, in proof of this statement, and

said that the seer's father should also be called Joseph, and that the Lord would bless this seer, and that they who raise their hand against him would be confounded. This seer, of course, was Joseph Smith, the prophet.

AFTER THE DEATH OF LEHI.

After Lehi had finished blessing his children, and had tried to impress upon them the necessity of living an earnest and upright life, he died and was buried. After his death, Laman and Lemuel and the sons of Ishmael sought to take away the life of Nephi, but the Lord warned him of this fact in a vision and told him to leave, so he went northward taking with him Zoram the servant of Laban, and Sam, Jacob and Joseph, his brothers, and his sisters and all who would go with him, leaving Laman and Lemuel and the sons of Ishmael, and all who would remain with them. This place they called Nephi, after their leader. There they located permanently and built a temple; made plates, on which to record their history; made swords, after the pattern of Laban's, with which to defend their people against their rebellious brethren, the Lamanites, in case the latter should come up against them. Nephi taught the men to work in wood, metal, and stone. The women learned to spin, and make all kinds of clothing, etc. Thus by their earnest labor they became a happy people, loving the one who had thus directed them. A temple was built about thirty years after Lehi left Jerusalem, and before forty had passed they had already had a battle with the Lamanites in self-defense. Fifty-five years after he left Jerusalem, Nephi died and the people showed their love for him by calling his successor Second Nephi, and the next one Third Nephi, and so on, no matter what their other name might be. Doubtless Nephi's son was the second king, anointed by Nephi himself; but Nephi left the affairs of

the church in the hands of his brother Jacob. He gave to the king the "large plates," on which the records of the kings were to be made, and to his brother Jacob he gave the "small plates," on which was to be kept the religious events of the prophets. He thus prepared the people to live on after him without contention.

THE RECORD ON THE SMALL PLATES FINISHED.

After the death of Nephi, Jacob carried on the work that had been assigned him by his elder brother. Seeing the people, after a time, drift into wickedness, he called them up to the temple, that he might preach the word of the Lord to them. He rebuked them in the severest terms. Later, Sherem, the anti-christ, sought Jacob, to demand of him a sign. Jacob reluctantly called upon the Lord to smite Sherem to the earth, which the Lord did. This established confidence in the Church authorities. Jacob recorded the important religious events of his time on the small plates, until he became old, when he assigned them to his son Enos. Enos kept the

records as he had been directed, and in the last days of his life conferred them upon his son Jarom, who in turn handed them to his son Omni. These historians were exceedingly brief in their writings, as the plates were almost filled up. So Omni and his successors, Amaron, Chemish, Abinadon and Amaleki wrote only a few words. The last named, however, told of the departure of a colony, under the leadership of Mulek, from the city of Zarahemla, which city, built by the Mulekites, was discovered by Mosiah, the king of the Nephites, a short time before Amaleki tells us that he was born in Mosiah's day, and has lived to see his death. His son, Benjamin, reigns over the people, and he, knowing King Benjamin to be a righteous man, decides to give him the "small plates." He closes his writings by saying, "and these plates are filled, and I make an end!" King Benjamin also holds the "large plates" or the plates of the kings, which have been handed down to him through the kings named Nephi (probably eight or ten in number) and his father, Mosiah. We have none of the writings of these kings except extracts from plates still preserved by the angel.

Kindergarten Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton, Robert L. McGhie.

Kindergarten Work.

THE FIRST TWO SUNDAYS IN MARCH.

Nature Subject:—All the seeds and flowers have been asleep through the winter months and now is the time when everything must get ready for spring. What is it that comes and blows the dust and dirt out of the corners and off the trees? (Wind.) What else does the wind do? (Flies kites, makes the wind-mill turn, dries the mud, etc.)

THE LAST TWO SUNDAYS IN MARCH.

Nature Reawakens:—The rain washes and scrubs, and the sun dries

up the water. The green grass makes a carpet. Name some of the flowers that peep in March. (Dandelion, violet.) What is it growing by the stream that peeps out in March, and wears a hood? Show the children a pussy-willow.

SUGGESTIVE SONGS.

"In Robin and the Pussy-willow"—Juvenile Instructor, February, 1910.

"The Alder by the River"—Juvenile Instructor, March, 1910.

"The Wind Song"—Smith's Songs for Little Children," page 90.

MEMORY WORK.

"Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east or blow it west
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

"In the early spring time on the lawn
are seen,
Dainty little grass blades clothed in
dresses green;
Warmed by merry sunshine, melting off
the snow,
Nourished by the brown earth, up the
grasses grow.
Down their roots go whispering, 'Dandelion, dear,
Creep up to the sunlight, spring time now
is here.'
Soon among the grasses, though the wind
is cold,
Little dandelion lifts its face of gold."

"The seeds and flowers are sleeping
sound,
Till Easter time, till Easter time,
And then they'll rise above the ground,
At happy Easter time.
And as they rise they seem to say
That we shall rise some day."

FIRST SUNDAY IN MARCH.

Picture Day:—Use pictures for the lessons given in February and follow out suggestions as previously given for Picture Day.

SECOND SUNDAY IN MARCH.

The Last Supper. Text: Matt. 26: 17-30; Mark 14: 12-26; John 13: 1-17, and Farrar's Life of Christ.

Aim:—By partaking of the Sacrament worthily, we express a desire to remember Christ and a willingness to keep His commandments.

Notes for the Teacher:—It was the morning before the crucifixion that the disciples came to Jesus to ask about the feast. The feast prepared was the yearly feast of the Passover, and in preparing for it, the disciples did not know the Sacrament was to be instituted. It is stated by some writers that the upper room was owned by Joseph of Arimathæa. It was dusk when Christ came from Bethany to Jerusalem, the reason probably being that He might not be seen by His enemies, and thus partake of the feast in

peace. Note the special preparation of all things before the feast. The room was prepared and made in perfect order. The shoes were removed at the door that no dirt might be brought in. The feet were washed and the lesson of humility taught, making their hearts ready. Then Judas, whose heart was wicked, left the room and all were then ready for the Sacrament.

LESSON.

One morning the disciples came to Jesus and asked Him where they should prepare the feast they were to have that day—a feast that all the people in the land prepared, to show the Lord that they were thankful—and He told them to go to Jerusalem and there they would see a man carrying a pitcher of water on his head. In this way all the people in that land get their drinking water. They go to a spring and carry the water in jars on their heads. They were to follow this man to his home and ask for the master and tell him that Jesus was coming to his home that night to eat a feast. The disciples did as Jesus had told them, for they loved Him. They found the master of the house who said they could have his large upper room for the feast. They were very much pleased and prepared the room for Jesus' coming.

The room was large and the walls plain and white, and there was a long low table in the center of the room and low couches for Jesus and the disciples to lie upon and eat. The room was made clean, for where Jesus was to partake of the feast must be clean.

About dusk, just as the sun went down, Jesus and the disciples walked a long distance and came to the upper room. Their shoes were removed at the door to keep the room perfectly clean. As they sat around the table, Jesus heard some of the disciples quarreling as to who should sit nearest Him at the table. And by that He knew their hearts were proud and that they were not prepared for the feast. So Jesus took a basin and some water and washed the disciples' feet. The

disciples hung their heads and were ashamed that they had let the Master wash their feet. And then Jesus said, "I am the Master, the Lord, but I am not too great to wash your feet, neither are you too great to wash each others feet, and one is no greater than the other." Then Jesus could see they had more love in their hearts and were better prepared for the feast.

But there was one person in the room whom Jesus knew did not love Him, and He said: "Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me,"—that is, one of them would tell His enemies where He was. Each disciple looked sad and said, "Lord, is it I?" and when Judas said, "Is it I," Jesus answered, "Thou hast said." Judas went out to tell the wicked men who wished to kill Jesus, where they could find Him. Jesus took the bread and broke it and blessed it and gave it to the disciples, and He blessed the wine and gave them to drink, and told them that He had to leave them and that they should always partake of the Sacrament to remember Him. And the disciples were glad for Jesus had given them a great blessing and something to help them to always remember Him. And all who love Jesus now partake of the bread and water to show Him that they do remember Him.

Illustration:—Mabel and Ailene,—*JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR*, Feb., 1910, or "Harry's Preparation."

"HARRY'S PREPARATION."

Harry looked into the mirror and frowned as he combed his hair. His sister looking teasingly over his shoulder, said, "Why Harry, suppose your face should freeze that way?" Whereat his frown deepened and the tears rose in his eyes, and he was angry.

Now, mother was watching her little boy and she understood, with a pitying sympathy, that he was cross that bright Sunday morning and needed to be helped and not teased. So she shook her head at sister and came herself to arrange her little son's tie and finish the brushing of his hair.

"Just hear that robin singing outside," she said softly, and as Harry stopped to listen, with his gaze on his mother's face, something, of the gentle sweetness he saw reflected there, seemed to fall upon his own ruffled spirit and calm it.

"What are you going to do at Sunday School?" she inquired.

"Sing," said her son.

"Any thing else?"

"The Lord's Prayer," was the reply.

"What are you going to eat?"

"Oh, yes—the sacrament bread."

"Is the sacrament for cross little boys?"

"For good boys, and to help boys to be good," he answered, looking down in momentary shame. Then his mother took his little brown hands in hers and silently touched the grimy knuckles and the black-rimmed nails.

Poor Harry felt very much ashamed, indeed, to think that he had been on the point of going to Sunday School, where the Sacrament would be passed to him, with such dirty hands. He hurried to the basin and soon the hands were very clean.

As he kissed his mother's cheek in farewell, he whispered softly, "I'm clean and sweet, inside and outside now, mother dear."

Application:—How can we partake of the Sacrament worthily? We can partake of the Sacrament worthily by having clean hands, hair combed nicely, clean face, and a heart that is glad and full of love.

THIRD SUNDAY IN MARCH.

The Raising of Lazarus. Text: John 11: 1-46, and Farrar's Life of Christ.

Aim:—"There is no death: what seems so is transition."

Notes for the Teacher:—There are two Bethanys in Palestine, one in Perrea and one in Judea. Jesus was in the Perrean Bethany when He received the message and as it takes about two days to go from one Bethany to the other, we can account for the four days which passed after Christ received the message. Those who mourned with Mary and Martha were Jews, and thus enemies of Jesus, hence He remained outside the city and was met by the sisters. From the text we can readily understand that Jesus had taught the resurrection to Mary and Martha as they both firmly believed in the doctrine.

LESSON.

Jesus was in a small town with His disciples, when a man came and told Him that Lazarus, a man whom Jesus loved, was very sick. The sisters of Lazarus, Mary and Martha who lived a long distance from where Jesus was, had sent the man, for they thought if Jesus would come to Bethany, their home, right away, Lazarus would not die.

But Jesus did not go immediately, He stayed in the little town two days. The disciples did not understand why He had waited so long, when He knew Lazarus was so sick, and they asked Him. He said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go that I may wake him out of sleep." The disciples thought that Jesus meant that Lazarus had closed his eyes and gone to sleep like we do at night. But Jesus said, "Lazarus is dead."

The journey to Bethany was a long one and took two days. And as Jesus and the disciples came near to the city of Bethany, Martha the sister of Lazarus, came to meet Him, and as she wept she said, "Lord if thou hadst been here my brother had not died. But, even now I know that whatsoever Thou shalt ask of God, God will give." And she knew in her heart that Jesus could wake Lazarus up. Jesus felt so sorry for Martha, and He said, "Thy brother shall rise again." Martha said that she knew that some day after many, many years, Lazarus would come out of the grave and live again. But Jesus told her that He could cause any one to live again as soon as they were dead or as soon as they closed their eyes for that long, long, sleep. Martha believed what Jesus told her and she said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of God." Then Jesus knew that she believed that He could cause Lazarus to live again.

Then Mary, the sister of Martha, heard that Jesus was coming, and she came to meet Him, and told the same things that Martha had told to Him.

As they came near the tomb where Lazarus was buried, Jesus told them to remove the stone from the opening into the cave for Lazarus was buried in a cave or large hole in the side of the hill. Martha thought it would be no use to go in, for Lazarus had been dead four days, and she told Jesus this, but He said she must believe or He could not cause Lazarus to live again. After the stone was removed, Jesus looked into the cave where Lazarus was lying dead, raised His eyes to God, and called in a loud voice for Lazarus to come forth. Lazarus arose and came out of the cave and was alive again. And all who saw him knew in their hearts that all who go to sleep and are put in the grave, will awaken some day and live again.

Illustration:—Little Jacob and Aunt Judy. (If you can find it.)

The following is adapted from the story, "Little Jacob and Aunt Judy," as we have not been able to find it in print.

Aunt Judy lived in the country, in a little grey house which was made beautiful by a garden of flowers of every color and fragrance. She was very proud of the garden as it was the prettiest for miles around. But Aunt Judy did not enjoy the lovely flowers alone for she had a little son Jacob, who loved to play in the garden from day light until dark.

Little Jacob had large blue eyes and golden hair. He was a beautiful child and there was no one else in the whole wide world whom Aunt Judy loved as she loved little Jacob.

One day little Jacob's eyes were not so bright; he forgot the garden and the flowers and Aunt Judy's heart was very sad for little Jacob was sick. He grew worse, and one morning he closed his little blue eyes and never opened them again. All the beautiful flowers were gathered and put on the tiny grave.

Aunt Judy's heart was broken and she cried as she walked in the garden where little Jacob once played, for she thought she would never see him again. As she gave the flowers a drink of water one morning, she saw something on a green leaf that looked golden like little Jacob's head. And when she looked closely she saw a tiny golden fuzzy worm. It looked

so much like little Jacob's golden hair that it made her heart glad and she carried the plant and the little golden worm into the house.

Aunt Judy watched the little worm and was happy but one day it made a little grey house, went inside, closed its eyes and went to sleep. Then bitter tears were shed for she said, "Yes, the little worm has gone just like little Jacob and I shall never see it again."

As she watched the little grey house day after day, something wonderful happened. There came out of the grey house a most beautiful butter-fly. This was a strange thing to happen, but as Aunt Judy thought, she smiled and said, "Now, I know that some day little Jacob will come out of his little grey house in the ground and be as beautiful as the butter-fly."

Application:—Just as Lazarus' spirit left his body for a while so will our spirit leave our body when we die, but some day our bodies will come up out of the grave again and we will live. Our body must go in the grave but our spirit goes up to Heaven.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN MARCH.

Jairus' Daughter Raised. Text: Matt. 9: 18 to 20 and 24 to 27; Mark 5: 22 to 24 and 35 to 43, and Farrar's Life of Christ.

Notes for the Teacher:—Jesus was attending a feast at the home of Matthew when Jairus came to Him. Matthew was an apostle and was giving this feast to his friends before taking up his duties as an apostle, Jesus being invited. Jairus was a ruler in the synagogue. The mourners at the home of Jairus were hired as was the custom among the Jews.

LESSON.

Jesus was attending a feast and all were seated around the table, when a

man named Jairus a ruler among the Jews, came to Jesus, and kneeling at His feet, he said his little daughter, his only daughter, was dying, but if Jesus would come and lay His hands on her she would live.

Jesus arose at once from the table, followed by His disciples and many other people. As they were going to the home of Jairus there came a messenger who said, "Thy daughter is dead. Why trouble the Master." Jesus heard the messenger and said, "Fear not, only believe," which meant that they must believe that He could cause the little girl to live again.

When they reached the home, they found a great many people there crying and making a loud noise. This made Jesus feel badly and He sent them all away. He took the mother and the father of the little girl into the room where it was now very quiet. He also took three of His disciples, and taking the little girl by the hand, He said, "Maid, arise." She arose from the bed and was well and alive. The mother and father were very happy and they knew Jesus was the Son of God and could make all people live again after they were dead.

Illustration:—You may select one of the following stories: "The Lily Bulb," JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, March, 1910; "The Caterpillar and the Butter-fly," JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, March, 1910.

Application:—Same thought as previously given: That we will live again after death.

Says a modern philosopher: "People go according to their brains; if these lie in the head they study; if in the stomach, they eat; if in their heels, they dance."



BINGHAM STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL BOARD.

Top Row: Jos. A. Brunt, C. A. Barlow. Second Row—Orella Lee, Lois Edwards, Emma Hurst, Geneva Snow, Myrtle Heath, LeRay Decker. Third Row—Marion McEntire, Jos. Morley, Eda Martinson, C. L. Warrick (Stake Superintendent), Violet Brunt, Ralph T. Mitchell. Fourth Row: Sylvia Barlow, Lyle Andreason.

Sunday School Work in Bingham Stake.

By Joseph Morley.

The work of the Sabbath Schools of the Bingham Stake has undergone a radical change in the past few years, and today there is a greater degree of efficiency manifest than there ever has been.

These conditions are due to the organization and system that has originated, mostly, in the General Board, the architect, and to the plans, materials, and tools, that have been carefully suggested and adopted by those in charge of the work in this section.

The Bingham Stake Sunday School Board consists of seventeen members, all of whom are capable and earnest in their labors. Their work, as planned, and which is being carried out, is as follows:

Superintendents' Council Meetings.

Weekly Board Meetings.

Monthly Union Meetings.

Visits to the different schools of the Stake.

All visits for the purpose of observation and instruction, are made by the Board in a body. In this way the entire effort of the board is concentrated on the school visited, and the results, thus far, have proven the method to be a good one. The system of making written reports of the conditions of the school visited is not a new one, a general form of report card having long been used by all members of the board. This condition has been changed somewhat, and we now have a series of report cards consisting of five sets. Each card is particularly adapted to the needs of the board member making the report. They are returned to the headquarters of the board after the visit and filed in a case, where they are arranged systematically, a separate compartment being used for each school in alphabetical order.

We are having good success with singing, marching, punctuality, attendance, and behavior, and our efforts, at present, are being concentrated on

greater efficiency in class work, and teaching; indeed, the whole fabric of the Sabbath School cause must depend upon the success of the teachers in their classes. The conditions of progression along these lines are these:

1. Devotion to our Heavenly Father.

2. Love for mankind.

3. Earnest work.

4. Concentration.

5. Humility and prayer.

6. The Holy Spirit's influence.

In our efforts to strengthen and unify our board we have given some attention to material things looking to their comfort, and recently we have papered the walls of our headquarters, tastefully, arranged for the carpeting of the floor; purchased some beautiful pictures; bought a new organ, and, generally, are making of the place a dignified abode for a live board, and a place where God's presence can be made manifest. It is already having its effect.

The work sometimes seems uphill, but, quoting from J. Clement French, we realize that "It is a grand thing to train the human mind in the academies and universities, to great intellectual achievements. It is a grand thing for you to leap, as it were, from crag to crag of discovery. It is well to make paths for tender feet, through the morasses and over the mountains of study: these bring honor and power. But it is also well to remember that the diplomas of colleges can never bring pardon for sin; that all the scholarships and all the titles of the world can never bring peace to the soul. O, brethren, it is the discipleship with the Man of Galilee who trod the wine press alone, and carried His cross up Calvary's hill; this discipleship with Jesus Christ, that constitutes the moral and spiritual power in our work! That power is yours to impart to the children under your care. Aye, it is the grandest of all human achievements."



The Gray Wolf.

(*Canis occidentalis*.)

By Claude T. Barnes, M.S.P.R., M.A.O.U., M.B.S.W.

When buffaloes roamed in countless numbers over the American plains, thousands upon thousands of gray wolves stalked in their wake devouring almost instantly the lagging weak and tearing the eyes out of the old bulls too strong to be vanquished save by hours of torture and laceration. As the herds of majestic buffaloes succumbed to the encroachment of man, the gray wolves, for a time, faced extinction; but cattle ranges and an acquired wariness of man, at last, placed them on a permanent basis, once again. Now probably 500,000 of them prowl about the mountainous regions of the west.

The gray wolf, buffalo wolf, or buffalo runner, is a most interesting animal, one closely entwined about the frontier history of America; and it still occupies a rather prominent part in the economic raising of livestock.

The gray wolf belongs to the genus "canis" or true dogs; and is, ordinarily of a dull yellowish white color, almost pure white on cheeks, chest and

inside of hind legs; a pale, clear sienna on the upper part of the muzzle, crown and the outer side of each limb, and blackish at the tip of the tail. Between its eyes are black tipped hairs, which run in increasing number in the basal third of the tail. The average measurements are: male, 5 ft. 2 in. long, and weight, 78 to 120 pounds; female, 4 ft. 7½ in. long and 55 to 80 pounds in weight. The tail is short, the ears wide and the eyes straw color.

Practically all of Canada and the Rocky Mountain region through the United States into Mexico afford a home for the gray wolf; and it is especially numerous in Idaho, Colorado, Wyoming, and the eastern halves of Utah and Arizona.

Probably no other animal has so wide and individual range, for, being a swift footed flesh eater, the gray wolf necessarily covers a big field in his wanderings. "Mountain Billy," a well known wolf of Medora, Dakota, prowled about a territory 12 miles in radius; and a gray wolf trapped at the

Isle a la Crosse dragged the trap 90 miles before it was captured.

In eleven years, Wyoming paid for the killing of 20,819 wolves, an average of 2,600 a year. There are probably 10,000 in that state, alone, and as high as 500,000 over the entire west.

Wolves are the most sociable of beasts of prey: they gather in bands and render each other assistance in the hunt. Packs of 32 have been seen, but the usual number is from 3 to 5.

The wolf mating season begins the last week of January and lasts until the first week of March; it is probable that pairs are formed for life for it is certain that the male assists in the raising of young. Two old wolves, never more, hover about a single den.

The den is usually a natural cave, a hollow log or stump, or a hole in the ground dug out by the parents. A badger hole may be enlarged, but, in any case, the bed is placed close to the surface and is never lined even if hay and leaves are plentiful about. All lining contains parasites, so this habit is probably a benefit in the long run. The period of gestation is 63 days, and the young, 3 to 13 but usually 6 or 7, are blind at birth, and even until the ninth day.

A wolf mother never kills and eats her young as does the coyote, at times. In fact, a coyote will eat her young when they die from other causes. An old hunter one time shot a female wolf but could not find her young; two weeks later, however, he shot another which had 13 cubs, 7 of them partly grown, being the adopted litter of the first wolf. When born the young whine and are answered by the mother in the same manner.

Originally, before the extinction of the buffalo, wolves were not especially fearful of man, hence were easily poisoned or trapped; now, however, old hunters assert that a piece of iron is enough to protect a carcass from them. For instance, a wolf would rather starve than approach a deer beside which a hunter has left a horseshoe, a

handkerchief, or the like, over night. Wolves, likewise, know the smell of strychnine; and consequently, have been on the increase since 1889.

The gray wolf is the shyest animal that prowls over the Utah hills; not even the cougar is more wary. One may live for years in its neighborhood, see its trails and its kills, but never the wolf itself. In the days of the bow and arrow, human beings were attacked by them; but the record is a blank for more than twenty years past. The stories of men, women and children's being devoured by them are unreliable; for, nowadays, the wolf is no more to be feared than the coyote.

A wolf's menu consists of everything from mouse to moose; it gorges on mice in the summer; but has to stalk bigger game when snow flies. It eats carrion readily; and will watch all day long beside its buried cache. All wolves "dope" or roll on carrion as do dogs, seeming to enjoy reeking in the stench of the foulest flesh or fish. Why they will roll in stuff they will not eat is unexplained, for they are otherwise fairly clean, licking blood stains from their fur, pulling burrs out and ice balls from their feet.

The usual cry of a wolf is a long, smooth howl, musical but weird, and quite indistinguishable from the howl of a large dog. When on the chase, its call vibrates between two notes and becomes a combination of short barks and a howl at the finish.

Every animal has a peculiar smell. On the top of the wolf's tail near the base is a scent gland with which it marks various signal stations in its neighborhood, a means of intercommunication with others of its kind.

The wolf is, however, no coward. It will not voluntarily attack man, yet it will kill any dog. In fact, one wounded wolf returned and took a dog from a pack of fifty, the other forty-nine dogs howling piteously all the while. A wolf will fight any number of dogs without any thought of surrender.

The average speed of the wolf is 21

to 22 miles an hour for one mile; this is slower than the jackrabbit, coyote, deer, greyhound or antelope; but the wolf can keep it up longer. A wolf's track I recently saw at the head of Black Mountain near Salt Lake City so resembled that of a large dog that it took after developments to prove the real wild animal.

A wolf's strength is astonishing. One, six months old, carried a 100-pound weight and a trap 300 yards without stopping and three quarters of a mile before capture. So strong is its jaws that it has been known to cut a half inch lasso rope through with one snap. Roosevelt tells of a wolf's killing a horse; "with a few savage snaps the wolf hamstrung and partially disembowled it."

A dozen regular meals will carry a wolf through an entire winter; and one full dinner will keep it in fairly good spirits for a week.

Wolves swim in water like spaniels, and otherwise, play together. In Teesdale, England, for instance, is a waterless place called "Wolf Lake" which comes from the Anglo Saxon "Wolf Lek"—"where the wolves used to play."

Eskimo dogs are hybrid wolves; and in fact the full blooded wolf may to a certain extent be tamed. They are, however, afflicted at times with mange, scab, or rabies.

Wolves are seldom shot and they are, usually, too wary to be poisoned. Their fur is rich and beautiful, selling for as high as ten dollars. During March, 1906, 15,843 were sold in London.

Most scientists say that animals do not think. Call it what you will, the fact remains that the gray wolf avoids almost every pitfall made for him by man.

MY VALENTINE.

By Annie Malin.

I waited for her at the gate
One morning just at nine,
And in her ear I whispered low,
"Please be my Valentine."
Her hand in mine she shyly placed,
Her smile made earth a heaven,
She bore the weight of five short years,
While I had just turned seven.

And often have I waited there
As years sped swiftly past,
Then on one February morn
I made her mine at last.
Again her hand in mine she placed
With confidence sublime,
And vowed that she would ever be
My faithful Valentine.

The years have come the years have gone,
Since that bright happy day,
But angels came one winter night
And took my love away.
Yet in my heart the sweet thought lives
That led by Love Divine,
Some day I'll meet at Heaven's Gate
My own dear Valentine.



SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Humane Day Stories for Old and Young.

The Horse's Prayer.

To three, my masier, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water, and care for me, and, when the day's work is done, provide me with shelter, a clean dry bed and a stall wide enough for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat, I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean, cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease—the glanders. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun, and put a blanket on me, not when I am working but when I am standing in the cold. Never put a frosty bit my mouth; first warm it by holding it a moment in your hands.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard

pavements which I have often prayed might not be of wood but of such a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And finally, O my master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a Stable. Amen.

Man's Duty to his most Useful Friend.

Of all the brute friends of man, the horse is by far the most useful, helping to earn his own and his master's living, writes a contributor to the *Philadelphia North America*, in reviewing the service which the horse renders to man, and showing what the faithful animal receives in return. He usually works six days in the week, frequently eighteen or more hours in the day and often the greater part of the seventh. He is ready to do his best at any task through thick and thin. He is the most faithful, efficient and optimistic friend of his master.

This most faithful animal shares his master's poverty in full, but gets little of his share in his prosperity. Blows he receives from his cruel master frequently, seldom resenting them until unbearable. Day in, day out, whether ill or weakened from loss of rest or food, or both, he drags out his weary life-day, until he finally drops in the harness—dead.

There are humane societies to teach some and compel others to be kind to this noble creature. Think how he suffers in hot weather from lack of water alone; how he is made to stand for hours with his face to the broiling sun, when a little care on the part of

his driver would save him from his misery by heading him the other way or taking him across the street into the shade. Then he is compelled to hold his head in a most unnatural position by that cruel contrivance, the checkrein, until he froths at the mouth from fruitless effort to relieve himself of the thing that stiffens the muscles of his neck and makes him tremble from head to foot.

Our Heavenly Father did not make any mistake in giving the horse a beautiful curved neck and pretty flowing tail and mane. Man does not improve them by his cruel devices of overhead checkreins and docked tails, but shows his utter lack of knowledge and taste for the beautiful and useful—beautiful because symmetrical and complete and useful to protect the animal against his natural enemies, the flies and other insects that alight on his supersensitive hide.

May the time soon come when men will accord the horse the kind treatment which it is his right and due to receive.

Railway Jack III.

Don't you think the picture of a real live animal, with a real true story, is much more interesting than something that is only "make-believe?"

This fine handsome dog collects money in a box on his back at Waterloo Station in London. Jack has been very carefully brought up, and cleverly trained, by his kind owners, who have for many years taken a deep interest in the "Railway Servants' Orphanage."

He is not an old dog, I am glad to say, only five years of age, but he is a very busy, useful animal, and works hard to collect money to clothe and feed many little orphan children, who would otherwise feel the sad pinch of poverty and want.

Can you guess how much money Jack has collected during the three

years he has been at work? Let me tell you. No less a sum than six hundred and eighty pounds! I wonder if any other dog has been so industrious?

Sometimes he is called "Waterloo Jack," sometimes "Railway Jack III," because his grandfather, and his father before him, spent their lives doing the same good work. If you are passing through Waterloo Station you can see both these noble dogs, standing in glass cases, still with a box beside them to gather money from passengers.

"Railway Jack I," was very widely known, for he met with sad trouble while carrying out his duties; he was stolen by thieves and most cruelly ill-treated by them. I am glad to say they were eventually discovered, and punished by being sent to prison for many months.

Next came "Railway Jack II," to

carry on his father's work; in six years he collected over one thousand pounds, then alas! he was taken seriously ill from a blow he received while at work. He was sent to the hospital of "Our Dumb Friends' League," where he received every care and attention, but the brave animal only rallied for a time, and then passed away in his sleep, deeply regretted by his owners and many friends.

Then his fine son "Railway Jack III," took up the good work, which he still carries on with such great success. Sometimes he receives most kindly attention and caressing from members of the Royal Family, who interest themselves in his work, and add a gold coin or two to his box.

Don't you think Jack sets us all a very good example in the way he works to help other people, and makes such good use of his life? I am afraid very few of us are likely to be able to



RAILWAY JACK III.

collect so much money as Jack has already done, for any good cause, but if we are always trying every day to discover some way of being helpful to others, some way of showing kindness and sympathy, we shall have no lack of opportunities, and we shall find that there is no *surer* way of being happy ourselves, than adding to the happiness of other people.

Then like Jack we shall have many friends to love us, and we shall have the satisfaction of feeling that we have tried to make good use of our time and talents in whatever position of life God has placed us.—The Child's Companion.

Boys and Boys.

One day a poor old woman drove into town in a rickety spring wagon. She tied her horse to a post near the schoolhouse. It was about as bad looking an old horse as you ever saw. The woman hobbled away with feeble steps to sell a few eggs which she had in a basket. Just as she was out of sight the bell rang for the noon hour, and a crowd of jolly, noisy boys rushed out of the schoolhouse. The air in a moment was full of their shouts and laughter.

"Halloa! See that horse!"

"Ho! ho! ho! Who ever saw such a looking old thing!"

"As thin as a rail."

"You can count all his ribs."

"He looks as if he hadn't spirit to hold his head up."

"Looks half starved. Say, bony, is there enough of you left to scare?"

Two or three boys squealed in the ears of the horse, and gave him small pokes; others jumped before him to try to frighten him.

"Let's lead him 'round to the back of the building and tie him there, so that when the folks he belongs to come they'll think he's run away."

"He run away!"

"Say, boys," put in one boy, who loved all animals, "theres no fun in tormenting such a poor fellow. He

does look half starved—yes, more than half, I should say. And we all know it isn't good to feel that way since the day we got lost in the woods nutting."

Have you ever noticed how easily boys—and men, too, for that matter—are led either into kindness or cruelty? One word in either direction and all follow like a flock of sheep. Wouldn't it be good for boys to remember this, and to reflect upon how far they may be called on to answer for the influence they may exert over others?

The boys stopped their teasing and began to look at the horse with different eyes, while one of them brushed the flies off him.

"Let's tie him under that tree," proposed a second; "the sun's too hot here."

"Look here, boys, I wish we could give him something to eat while he's standing."

"Can't we?"

"A real bang-up good dinner, such as he hasn't had for a century, by the looks of him."

"Let's do it. I've got a nickel."

"I've got two cents."

"I'll give another nickel if you'll come over to father's feed store."

More cents came in. The man at the feed store contributed a nearly worn-out bag, and in a few moments the poor old horse was enjoying a good meal of oats.

By the time he had finished it the old woman came back, her basket filled with groceries, for which she had exchanged her eggs. The cord of sympathy and kindness once touched in the careless yet well-meaning hearts continued to vibrate. We all know how one taste of a kind act makes us long to taste more. "I'll lift your basket in," said one respectfully.

"See, here's a lot of oats left. We'll put 'em in the wagon."

"She looks pretty near as starved as the horse," came in a suggestive whisper.

A few small contributions from

lunch baskets were hastily wrapped in a piece of paper and laid on top of the basket.

"Now I'll untie."

The old woman was helped in as if she had been a queen. And every boy's heart glowed as the quavering voice and dim eyes bore a burden of warm thanks as she drove away.

Those were every-day schoolboys. There are millions and millions like them, only they do not quite realize what a spirit of loving-kindness dwells in their hearts. Let it out, boys and girls; for it is you who are to lift this whole world into an atmosphere higher, sweeter, and brighter than it has known before.—Sunday School Advocate.

"A 'Regeler' Hero."

Jim's big brother Tom had been away for four years and had just this day come home.

"Now Jim," he had said very soon after his arrival, "You must show me around the farm, and tell me all about everything; for you know I have been in the city so long I should get lost on so much ground and I know I should be afraid if I were to see a cow."

And Jim had joyfully accepted the position of protector and instructor of this tall handsome young man. How joyfully he had accepted we may judge when we remember that Jim was seven and Tom was twenty-one.

Jim pulled on his cap with a careless, I'll-tell-you-all-about-it air, and boldly led the timid Tom out of the kitchen door, down the path through the small onion patch right into the barn yard.

"Now, Tom," he said as he pulled the great gate shut behind him, "You needn't be afraid 'cause the cows are all at the pasture yet." Jim surely proved himself a most excellent guide for not a thing was passed but its whole history was told.

"What's in there?" asked Tom, pointing to a box with a small door in the side.

"Oh, that's my Banty rooster, and say, Tom, he can lick anything around here."

Tom turned towards the gate as though he were about to run away.

"But say," said Jim, reassuringly, as he patted Tom's hand, "Don't you be skart; he won't hurt you; its just little Banty roosters like him that he licks. Want to see him?"

"No," said Tom, "Let's go on to the orchard. I saw some fine red apples on the trees as I came through on the train. Say, I thought father was going to put a fence along the track, but I see he hasn't done it yet."

"No, not yet," answered Jim. "He is waiting until the crops are all in and then he will have time."

Soon they were seated under a tree enjoying the large, juicy apples. Just then, Jim's big brown dog came bounding to them, and laid his big head in Jim's lap, and looked up at Tom, his eyes saying, "Now, who are you, I should like to know."

"Oh, what a dandy fellow!" exclaimed Tom, "Where did you get him, Jim?"

"Uncle George gave him to me when I was four years old, and he was just a little pup then," answered Jim, as he lovingly patted the shaggy brown head.

"What's his name?" asked Tom.

"Hero," said Jim.

"Hero; well, that's a nice name, but how did you happen to think of it?" asked Tom.

"Well, you see it's like this," answered Jim, "His name used to be Rex—"

"Why did you change it? I think Rex is a fine name for a dog."

"I'll just begin right at the very beginning and tell you all about it," said Jim.

"Yes, do, for I know it must be interesting," said Tom, encouragingly.

"Well, Tom, it's just a regeler true

story," Jim said, as he leaned back against the tree and got himself into a comfortable position. "You know," he continued, "last spring a man passed down the road there with a big herd of sheep. As they went past, Rex—I'll call him Rex now—well, Rex and I were standing there watching them. After they had gone by I saw a tiny little lamb left in the road. It was too tired to go any farther, and it was just a-crying—you know how lambs cry"—Tom nodded. "Well, it was just a-crying for its mamma. I called to the man and told him, but

train was coming, I called 'Petsy, Petsy,' just as loud as I could—you know she always ran to me when I called her, but the train made so much noise that I think she couldn't hear me. The man on the engine blew and blew the whistle, but Petsy was so used to it that it didn't frighten her a bit. The train came closer and closer, and Tom, I knew she would be killed if I didn't run and get her off. Do you know I tried to run but my feet just wouldn't move, I felt like I was growed right there. And then the first thing I knew, Rex gave a big bark and ran just as



A BUNCH OF "REGELE" HEROES.

he yelled back, 'You can have it, sonny,' so I picked it up and took it home and tended it till it got big enough to feed itself. Then we brought her down here, and let her run in the orchard. And every day her—that is Rex and I would come down and play with her, and when we would go back she would stand at the gate and say, 'Baa—baa,' just as loud as she could. I named her Petsy.

"Well, sir, one day as I opened the gate to come in, I saw her eating some grass out there right in the track, and oh, Tom, then I saw that a big freight

fast as he could go. Then I saw him jump and grab Petsy by the back leg, then I couldn't see any more because of the steam from the engine, but somehow I felt like they were both mashed because—well, it looked like it. Tom, you won't laugh at me if I tell you that I just fell down on my face and cried, will you?"

"Well, I should say not," answered Tom, patting Jim's head, "I should think you would cry, Jimmie,—I know I should have done."

"But what do you think?" asked Jim, his eyes sparkling, "Now's the

bestest part of the whole story. Something said 'Baa baa' right in my ear, and oh my, how I jumped. Yes, sir, Tom, it was Petsy telling me she wasn't killed. I grabbed her head in my arms, and—and—then I cried some more. When I looked for Rex I saw him trying to limp to me. I ran to him and found his leg was broken—see it was this one—you wouldn't know it now, would you? But just think how lucky it was, Tom," he continued, "just then father drove up to the gate in the wagon. He had come to cut some feed for the horses. I called him and he took Rex just as careful

and put him in the wagon. When we got him to the house father bandaged the poor broken leg. I know it must have hurt him awful, Tom, 'cause his eyes looked like he wanted to cry.

"When I told father how it happened and that Rex had saved Petsy from sure death, father patted his head and called him a regeler hero. And Rex acted so tickled at being called a hero that I thought I'd change his name and called him Hero all the time, if it made him feel so glad. And now don't you honestly think, Tom, that he really is a regeler hero?"—M. M. T.

Getting Acquainted With His Son.

A lawyer who had previously been so preoccupied that he had held his children somewhat at arm's length, found that his only son was getting beyond the control of his mother, and fearing that if longer deferred counsel would be too late, he resolved to "get acquainted" with his own boy, aged fifteen, by taking him as a traveling companion on a business trip.

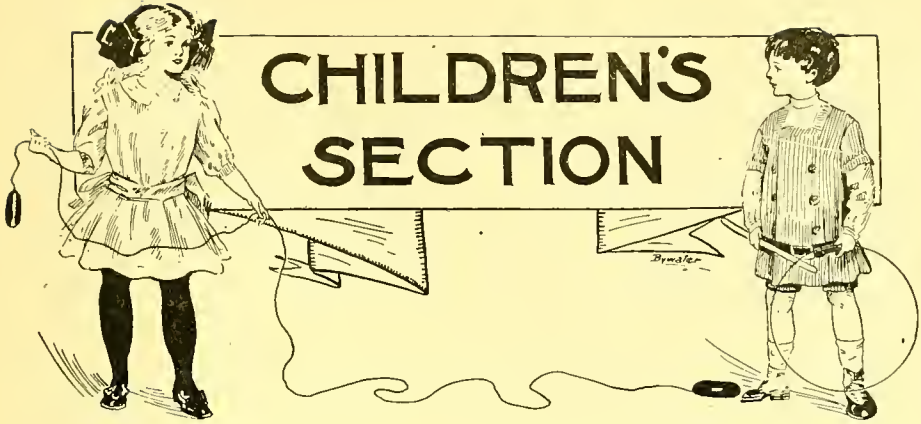
"I treated him as an honored guest, and I was surprised, as the habitual restraint wore off, to find how many good points my own son had, and how companionable he could be withal. After we had been together almost constantly for days, I was surprised as well to feel the years slipping away from me, and to find myself living over my half-forgotten boyhood.

"I had not premeditated reaching the heart of my boy by that means, however," continued the man, who was well along in years before he had a child, and who had grown gray as a jurist, "but my confidence had that effect, for after I had told of the pranks of my youth, and how I had once narrowly escaped being led into what would have ruined my character, my son, who

had listened with incredulity as well as relief written on his face, cried: 'Oh, dad, I'm so glad, so glad you haven't forgotten how boys feel and what they have to fight against, for now you'll understand!'

"Then, freely, as if talking to a chum, my boy told me of his own temptations and how they had nearly mastered him, because, feeling that his mother could not see from the viewpoint of a boy, he would not confide in her. And, judging as well that my youth had been faultless, he had naturally come to the conclusion that I could have no sympathy with his fight against harmful temptations."

"'But,' cried my boy, as he looked me full in the face after bringing to view what had been a heartbreak to bear alone, 'I feel as if I can face anything now, seeing I know you didn't always walk chalk. But say, why didn't you tell me sooner, dad? For it would have saved me more than one fall-down if I could have made a clean breast of everything, as I will now that I see you'll understand.'"—Helena H. Thomas, in the *Christian Advocate*.



THE VALENTINE GIRL.

"Will you make me a valentine, mamma?" asked Susie on the morning of February the fourteenth. Her mother nodded "yes" good humoredly, and enquired with an indulgent smile,

"To whom do you wish it sent, little daughter?" The girl thought for a long time but did not seem to be able to decide that question.

"Not to Mary or Rob or Allie," she said finally, "for they get so many valentines they will not need mine, which I would like made different from all the others and sent to somebody who never gets such pretty things." The parent looked at her child in surprise at this wish, concluding instantly that she ought to help her carry it out.

"What about the Brown children?" she half proposed; "they will probably not get any. They seem to be without play-mates or friends. I suppose it is because their hard working widowed mother cannot find time to keep them clean and tidy. The poor little things look so lonely and wistful playing half heartedly by themselves; it is hardly their fault that they have not been taught to be neat and more than likely they have no idea why they are so shunned.

"Mamma," said Susie, a suspicion of tears in her kind blue eyes, "I'm so sorry for them, let us send my valentine there. I have noticed whenever

those children join the games on the school grounds that the boys and girls stop playing and gather in groups, whispering and hinting until the poor strays go away."

"How cruel," exclaimed the lady, "I hope my 'girlie' will not be guilty of such behavior toward a fellow-pupil."

"I shall not, indeed," and I'm going to urge my chums never to treat her so rude and unkind again," said the daughter earnestly.

"Good," said the mother, "Now I'll tell you something. I will make you into a valentine and let you run over and spend the afternoon with the Brown girls. How will that do?"

"Just the thing," cried Susie delightedly, clapping her hands; "but how can you make me into a valentine?" and her eyes were full of wonder. Mamma smiled and closed her eyes slowly with a delicious suggestion of mystery.

"Did you not want your valentine to be an entirely new kind?" she asked.

"Certainly," laughed Susie excitedly, "but, mamma dear, what will I be like?"

"Come along with me and find out," beckoned the woman, leading the way to the kitchen.

During the remainder of the forenoon the puzzled miss followed her mother about, waiting upon her, running errands and doing all sorts of unlovely and at other times much despised jobs, with the greatest enthu-

siasm. After lunch time there was a lively hurrying between the kitchen and bed-room, a loud rattling of paper, much gurgling laughter from the child and very rapid and skillful work on the part of the parent, and then Susie emerged a real "little valentine girl."

She was arrayed in a beautiful pink tissue paper dress, decorated with white paper hearts. Her sunny curls peeped from beneath a fetching square white paper cap, trimmed with pink paper hearts, while across her chest the mother had contrived to paste the words, cut from paper,

"Kind friends, pray let me
Your Valentine be."

On her arm was a large basket as big as she could possibly carry, elaborate with bows and streamers of pink and white tissue paper and dotted all over with hearts, which were to indicate, mamma said, that she was giving herself with her gifts. The basket was filled, as you may imagine, with very dainty, though substantial, eatables and some rare nick-nacks in the shape of valentine cookies and candies.

Lovely in spirit as well as appearance the "little Valentine girl" tripped forth to the home of the all but ostracized family, where she was received first with shyness and wonder, then with joy and thankfulness, and soon with her pretty manners, she had the friendless, unkempt brood playing as they had never played before. Getting hilarious they danced and scampered out on the rickety old porch, and the youngsters of the entire neighborhood, attracted by the dazzling costume of our tiny maid, joined them and they all had a glorious time together.

That was the beginning of the happiness of the whole Brown family from the over-burdened mother down to unscrubbed, but genial baby Jim, and oh, how every one of them loved the "little Valentine girl!"

A BOY'S SONG.

Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea.
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweet-
est,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well.
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know: I love to play,
Through the meadow, among the hay,
Up the water and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

—James Hogg

Jack Frost's Army.

By *Lon J. Haddock.*

When the winter nights have come and
all the air is still.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

There comes a mystic army a-marching
o'er the hill.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

Each one armed with brush and paint
they march in grand array.

They've got a lot of work to do before
the coming day;

And when their task is finished they
glide silently away.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

Marching on before them goes the leader
of them all.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

And trooping on behind him come the
soldiers great and small.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

For centuries and centuries his work has
been the same

Whenever taps and hydrants freeze he
always is to blame,

His locks are white and hoary, and "Jack
Frost" is his name!

Sh! Sh! Sh!

He is a gallant leader of a very noble crew.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

They mix their paint so carefully with air and morning dew.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

They then commence to give the earth a coat of ermine white.

They scatter it in brushfuls over everything in sight.

And hang icicles on the eaves to make them glisten bright.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

They like to catch the boys and girls that stay out late at night.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

So you had best stay inside, where the fire is warm and bright.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

'Cos' all the little "Frosts" will climb upon your back and head.

They'll pull your nose, and pinch your cheeks until their shining red.

An' if you've been real wicked, they will pinch you till your dead.

Sh! Sh! Sh!

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER.

Once a little Violet which grew in a corner of the garden sighed and sighed to herself. A golden Bumblebee heard her and stopped to see what was the matter. "Oh, dear," said the Violet, "I wish I were a Daisy! They have such beautiful, round, white faces and live near the roads, where they see everything that goes on. Nobody ever comes here except you or, perhaps, a butter-fly." And she sighed again.

The Bumblebee settled himself on a leaf to talk to her. "Don't you know—" he began; when just then Girlie Dear and Young Lady came by.

"Let's sit down here, Girlie Dear, where it's cool and green," said Young Lady.

The Violet was all in a flutter! And the Bumblebee whispered: "This would not have happened if you had been a Daisy!"

But Girlie Dear was talking. "Let's play this is an enchanted garden, and this Violet is an enchanted Princess. She can't move till the Prince comes.

Why can't flowers move, Young Lady?"

Young Lady smiled and said: "Why Girlie Dear, don't you know about the Fairy Godmother?"

"Is she real?" asked Girlie Dear.

"She surely is, and perhaps you can guess her other name. She has hundreds and thousands of Fairy Godchildren, and her gifts are quite wonderful, for she knows exactly what each child needs. In the spring she sends messages by the soft breezes and the birds to the trees, telling them that it's high time they begin to send their sap running.

"She starts the brooks hurrying and racing to help the breezes tell the news to the woodland creatures—rabbits and squirrels and other shy things, caterpillars, and the queer, grubby things which live in the brooks' soft mud for a while, and then quite suddenly are turned into airy, dainty beauties. Presently the Fairy Godmother herself comes to unwrap the baby buds and give the flowers their dainty dresses and their perfume. And she never makes such a mistake as to give a Violet's gown and fragrance to a Daisy!"

("I told you so," whispered the Bumblebee.)

"From that time she never rests until she has finished the last purple grape and sent the last gayly-colored leaf to sleep. Then she puts on her clean white apron and rests a while. Have you guessed her other name?"

"I know, I know," said Girlie Dear, clapping her hands. "It is Mother Nature! But why can't the flowers move?"



"Because it is not in their nature to do so. They have other gifts which creatures who move have not," answered Young Lady very gently. "Do you know of any animal so sweet as this Violet?"



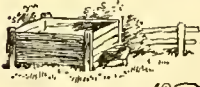




Girlie Dear said "No," and kissed the floweret.


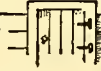




And when they went away the Violet was comforted and quite content to be a Violet.—*Helen Muhler.*



PINKY-WINKY STORIES








CLIP, clap! went the , and out came a Pinky-Winky Pig. "The Pinky-Winky ,

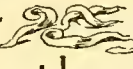
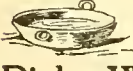


," said Uncle Billy, "was as round and white as a snow- . He had pink eyes, and a cunning little curly , and he lived in a nice  with his mother  and his little brother and sister  , and was as happy as the day is long. Now near the  grew a little apple-




and on the apple-tree grew a little  that leaned far out by the  of the pen, and on the  grew a big, round, rosy . And when the Pinky-Winky  saw the ,

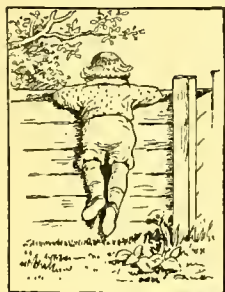
he wanted it. 'Oh, Mother, Mother!' he cried, 'I want the big, round, rosy  that grows on the  by the






 of the pen!' 'Oh, no, no!' said the mother . 'The  is not for you, it is for the little  who lives in the white  on the hill.











You may have potato-  and nice skim milk in a , but you may not have the .' Then the Pinky-Winky  was very sad. He turned up his




little pink nose at the potato- and the nice skim milk in a . But one day the little boy who lived in the white  on the hill came with his mother to

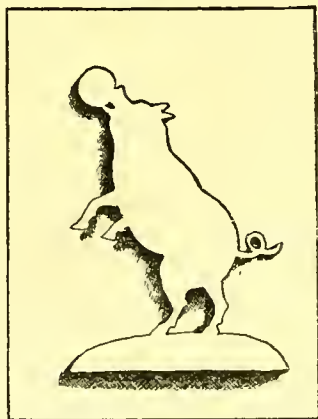



see the . And when he saw the , he wanted it. 'Oh, mother, mother!' he cried, 'I want the big, round, rosy  that grows on the  by the  of the pen!'

Then his  broke the stem and gave him the , and he laughed for joy and climbed up to see the . And when he saw the Pinky-Winky , he laughed again for joy. 'The darling little pig!' he cried. 'I believe he wants my !'

'Of course he does,' said his . Then the little  raised his hand and threw the , and the

Pinky-Winky  jumped up and caught it in his mouth---like this." Snip, snap! went the , and there was the Pinky-Winky Pig jumping up to catch the apple. "He was so glad to get the " said Uncle Billy,



"that he ate it all up fast--- crunch, crunch. But the little  went home, laughing for joy!"

The Childrens' Budget Box.

Old Pussy and Her Kittens.

Puss lived in the barn with her three kittens. It was getting cold, so she wanted to find a new home. She ran to the house and up the stairway, and in the hall she found an open trunk. There were some clothes in it. She thought this would make a good warm house for her babies. She ran to the barn and got one of the kittens and took it and put it into this trunk, then went back after another. The woman of the house came and shut the trunk down. She did not know the kitten was in it. Soon it was fast asleep so it did not miss its mother. When old puss came with another kitten she found that the trunk was shut. She ran and took the kitten back that she had just brought, then she jumped and scratched and scratched but all her scratching did no good. She ran to the woman of the house and "meowed" and "meowed" and the woman said, "Poor pussy, you must be hungry." So she went and got some milk. But puss did not want this. She ran toward the trunk and "meowed." The woman did not know what she wanted, so she followed puss to the trunk. The woman opened the trunk. Puss jumped in, got her kitten, and ran to the barn with it. She never wanted to change her home again.

Millie Robinson,
Colonia Dublan,
Chihuahua,
Mexico.

Age 9 years.

There is Always Work to Do.

Five o'clock is time to rise,
Open wide your sleepy eyes.
Breakfast's ready; come and look,
Happy Mary is the cook.
Clear the dishes, make them shine,
Remember they are done at nine;
There is something else for you,
There is always work to do.

Busy all the live-long day,
In the garden—Mary and May;
Bees are humming all around,
Ants are working on the ground.
Sleepy time has come at last,
Work tomorrow—today is past.
You are never, never through,
There is always work to do.

Ida Pearl Ivie,
Salina,
Utah.

Age 11 years.

In the Land of "I Don't Know."

Near yonder western skies,
Where the deep horizon lies;
Where the glorious sun is rising,
O'er the hills.
Where the meadows are a-bloom,
With the beautiful flowers of June;
And a brook is running by
With a merry little cry,
Telling all her secrets on the way.
Here the balmy zephyrs blow
In this land of "I-Don't-Know."

Here the buttercups are seen,
Peeping out above the green;
Here the pinks and daffodils
Grow upon the hills;
Here the sun is always shining
On the fields and golden rills.
Here the bells are always chiming.
Sweetest music far and near;
Here the birds are always singing
Heaven's music sweet and clear;
Here the balmy zephyrs blow.
In this land of "I-Don't-Know."

Rowena Mackay,
Calders Station,
Forest Dale.

Age 13.

Saint Valentine.

Saint Valentine was a priest who lived in Rome many, many years ago. As a martyr he suffered death because he would not give up his religion, and worship the gods and idols as the Romans did. We all know something about him, but I will just say a few words of why we celebrate his day by sending messages and letters of love to friends.

Saint Valentine was always trying to make some one happy. He used to go about from house to house among his friends, and wherever there was sickness or sorrow his visit was like the sunlight just coming through on a gloomy day. He cheered the sad, fed the poor, and comforted the sick. The people loved him, and the children would flock about him when he went anywhere.

But in time good Saint Valentine got too old and feeble to make his visits. "Alas!" said he to himself, "I am of no use now. I can no longer make my visits among my poor friends, so what will I do."

Then he thought, "I can at least write them letters,—that may do some good." So whenever he would hear of a place where there was sorrow or need, he would send a letter full of love and

cheer, more than you could think of doing. The people looked forward for his dear letters. When a letter came the children would call out: "A letter from the good father. But alas! the brave priest lost his life because he would not give up his religion.

So the people said, let us celebrate his day by sending letters and loving messages to our friends and relatives. They were called Valentine letters then, and now Valentines, and that is why we celebrate his day on the fourteenth of February, every year.

Mildred Boyer,
Springville,
Utah.

Age 11 years.

Tiny Sleepy Leaves.

"Cold and chilly days are coming,"
Said old mother tree;
"Old Jack Frost, he is so cunning
Mother Nature will cover thee."

Tiny little yellow leaves
Never a one is crying,
But falling softly from the trees,
While the winds are sighing.

"Go to sleep—'tis frosty winter,
And the snow falls thick and fast,
And the birds no longer twitter—
You can dream of days long past."

Emma Christensen,
Richfield,
Utah.

Age 11 years



By Edna Miller

Age, 14.

Provo, Utah.

Our Baby.

Its eyes are just the darkest hue,
A very pretty sky like blue.
It hasn't any teeth as yet,
But it will have some soon—our pet.

Her head is now quite free from hair
And oh! so shiny round and bare.
Her hands are yet so small and white,
And she can cry with all her might.

Her feet are just such tiny things,
She's like an angel free from wings.
Her nose is very round and small,
She looks just like a tiny doll.

She soon will learn to say ma-ma
And next will be to learn pa-pa.
She then will soon begin to talk,
And next will be to creep and walk.

Then soon our baby will be grown,
And may perhaps some day leave home.
But she will always be the same—
Our own dear baby still in name.

Miss Hazel Stanley,
Lehi City,
Utah.

Age 15.



By Edna Miller

Age, 14.

Provo, Utah.

The Switch.

Naughty little three-year-old,
For wading in the ditch,
Was being scolded very hard,
And threatened with a switch;
When he said with funny smile,
And expression most peculiar,
"Oh, mamma—mamma—please do sing
Glory Hallelujah!"
Instead of "Glory" tune,
A smothered laugh was pitched,
But the naughty three-year-old—
Well, he didn't get switched.
He had gently "switched" his mamma
Off the troubled, hard, old track,
And so the other dreadful "switch"
Thus saved his little back.

Ora Ford,
Farmington,
Utah.

Age 12 years

Idaho.

Oh, that sunny land of ours,
 With its beauties and its flowers,
 Where the sweet refreshing breezes
 Fill the air;
 Where the chrystal streamlets flow,
 Where the roses proudly grow,
 And the violets, oh, you know,
 Bloom so fair.

Where the winters are as mild
 As the sweetest little child,
 And the spring she calmly comes
 A-marching in;
 Where the summers are as fair
 As the lillies that grow there;
 Oh, the fruits that we grow there.
 Are sure to win.

Elida Little,
 Oakley,
 Idaho.

Age 15 years.

Ruth's Valentines.

Ruth was a poor little orphan girl. Her parents died while she was very young, and she was now staying with an old lady who had consented to keep her after her mother's death. She was looked down upon at school and the bad boys would taunt her. She would often go home weary and heart sore. Valentine day was drawing near and at school the teacher and pupils were planning on having a good time; all but Ruth. Her heart was sad because she wished to participate in the good time that was coming, but could not for she had no money with which to buy a single valentine. The next morning she arose and started for school earlier than usual. And as she was passing a large dry goods store a lady stepped out and asked her to run on an errand, for which she would give her two shillings. She readily did so and soon had her money. She thought now she could get a valentine for her teacher. She hurried over to a store and had soon selected a very pretty valentine. Some of the mean boys at school had intended to buy her some ugly valentines; but one day the teacher overheard them planning and she told them to do unto others as they would have others do unto themselves. This made the boys ashamed of themselves and they went to the store and bought some very pretty ones. On Valentine's day they were all surprised to see Ruth drop a package into the box and Ruth was also surprised when her name was called off so many times. And as she untied the packages her face lighted up with hap-

piness. It made the boys feel good to think they had made her so happy instead of sad, which they had intended to do.

Florence Black,
 Lagrande,
 Oregon.

Age 13 years.

Snow Flakes.

Down from the cloudy sky they fall,
 Glimmering snow flakes one and all;
 Down they come from their far-away
 home,
 Down through the air they wander and
 roam.
 Here they lie on the frozen ground,
 Till by the sunshine they are found
 And carried back to their home in the
 sky,
 And float through the air as the clouds
 pass by.

Wilber Ross,
 Midway,
 Utah.

Age 10.

Mrs. Brown's Valentine.

There was an old lady named Mrs. Brown. She was eighty-seven years old. Her birthday came on St. Valentine's day. She was a funny old lady. She never went out of her own lot. There was a crowd of big boys who used to tease her and make her angry. It was Valentine's day and a little boy and girl were sitting in the parlor of a big house. They were wondering who they could send some valentines to. The little girl said, "Let's send Mr. Jones one, then he won't think we want him to give us any." "Oh! I'll tell you who to send one to," exclaimed Johnnie. "Who?" asked his sister. "Mrs. Brown." "Oh, yes, that's it." So they picked out the prettiest valentine they had. It had an angel holding a golden ring with three hearts on it. It was very beautiful. "Come to dinner children," said their mother, so they ate their dinner and then went down to the store to get some candy to send with the valentine. When it started to get dark the children went to Mrs. Brown's home and hung the valentine and candy on her door, then they knocked and ran away. The old lady came to the door and found the valentine, but could not find out who sent it. She was very much pleased with it. When they went home they told their mother all about it. She was very glad her children had been so thoughtful and

she said, "Always remember, children, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

Age 10 years.

Lena Tree.

Hooper,

Utah.

COMPETITION NO 11.

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.

Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size.

Drawings: Any size.

Rules.

Competition will close March 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must not be folded.

Address, The Children's Budget Box, Juvenile Instructor, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Puzzle Page.

WISE SAYINGS.

The following are the correct transpositions of the "Wise Sayings" contained in the December number.

1. He who acts greatly, is truly great.
2. Do what you ought, come what may.
3. Discord reduces strength to weakness.
4. Diligence is the mistress of success.
5. Empty vessels make the greatest sound.
6. He who would reap well must sow well.
7. Ignorance is the parent of many faults.
8. Bad examples are like contagious diseases.
9. It is good to begin well, but better to end well.
10. Never wake a sleeping lion.
11. Keep good company, and be one of the number.
12. Little sins often lead to great evils.
13. Lose no opportunity of doing a good action.
14. Make provision for want in time of plenty.
15. Meddle not with that which concerns you not.
16. Modesty has more charms than beauty.

Out of two hundred answers received, only **one** was correct—that of Miss Mabel Gadd of Provo. Quite a number, however, were so nearly right that we are going to take the best ones, neatness and age considered, and award prizes. Here is the list:

Emma P. Allen, Mesa., Arizona.
Muriel Bennion, Vernon, Utah.

Helen Bennion, Salt Lake City, Utah.
Chase Cole, Laie, Oahu, T. H.
Sarah Elieson, Murray, Utah.
Raymond H. Foster, Vernal, Utah.
Eula Fletcher, Provo, Utah.
Mabel Gadd, Provo, Utah.
Tracy Heggie, Montpelier, Idaho.
Vera Hubbard, Lago, Idaho.
Adalila Hogensen, Montpelier, Idaho.
Eva M. Overson, St. John's, Arizona.
Brenda Smith, Smithfield, Utah.
Louisa Wilde, Cumberland, Wyo.

SQUARED WORDS.

By Frances Curtis, Murray, Utah.

1.
 1. A number
 2. A girl's name
 3. A girl's name
 4. A man's name
2.
 1. In a great degree
 2. Deformed
 3. A hard substance
 4. A man's name
3.
 1. To examine closely
 2. Management
 3. An open surface
 4. Clean
4.
 1. A boy
 2. Parched
 3. A sneer
 4. A beautiful place

For the best ten answers to the above puzzle we will award book prizes.

RULES.

All answers must be in by March 1st.
Address: Puzzle Editor, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In Jocular Mood.

The Call of the Wild.

"What is your favorite wild game?"
"Football."—Toledo Blade.

Giving Dinner.

Deacon.—"Pastor, will you ask the blessing?"

Absent-Minded Clergyman.—"Lord have mercy upon us while we partake of what is set before us."

Still Improving the Output.

Friend: Look out! You're going to run over that man.

Autoist: Don't worry, old chap. This car's springs are so fine you'll never feel the jar.

How the Fight Began.

Violette.—"I wish you would tell me how to get this pitch off my dress. I have tried everything I can think of."

Reginald.—"You might try a song. You always get off the pitch when you sing."—Judge.

The Mouse and the Cat.

The Tailor.—"Married or single?"

The customer.—"Married. Why?"

The Tailor.—"Then let me recommend my patent safety-deposit pocket. It contains a most ingenious little contrivance that feels exactly like a live mouse."—Chicago News.

What Happened to Tyre.

"What happened to Babylon?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

"It fell!" cried the pupil.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed."

"And what of Tyre?"

"Punctured!"

Incorruptible.

The lady of the house hesitated.

"Are my answers all right?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," replied the census man.

"Didn't bother you a bit, did I?"

"No, madam."

"Feel under some obligations to me, don't you?"

"Yes, madam."

"Then, perhaps, you won't mind telling

me how old the woman next door claims to be?"

"Good day, madam," said the census man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Perfect Man.

"There was one man whose life was perfect," said the Sunday School teacher. "Which one of you can tell me who he was?"

Little Mary Jane's hand went up, and the teacher nodded her.

"He was mamma's first husband," she said.—Everybody's.

Not Worth While.

A little boy of four years asked his mother: "Mamma, who made the lions and elephants?"

"God, my dear," she answered.

"And did He make the flies, too?" asked the little fellow.

"Yes, my dear," replied his mother.

The little chap paused a while; then he said: "Fiddlin' work, seems to me—making flies."

Too Far Back for Him.

Tommy had been punished. "Mamma," he sobbed, "did your mamma whip you when you were little?"

"Yes, when I was naughty."

"And did her mamma whip her when she was little?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"And was she whipped when she was little?"

"Yes."

"Well, who started the darned thing, anyway?"

Miss Willing.

A story told by Thomas Hunter, president of the New York Normal college, seems to indicate that once in a while a willing wife is spoiled to make an unwilling teacher.

A pretty and agreeable young woman who lived in a country village suddenly announced that she was going to take up teaching.

"You! You a school teacher?" exclaimed the recipient of her confidence. "Why, I'd rather marry a widower with nine children!"

"So would I," the young woman replied, frankly, "but where is the widower?"

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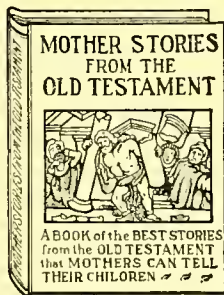
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BOOK REVIEW.

Children's Classics in Dramatic Form Book Four contains "The Pen and the Inkstand," "The Goblin and the Hukster's Jam," "An Honest Critic," "William Tell," "Daniel Boone," "Don Quixote," and several other equally popular stories. These stories being told in dramatic form make it possible for the children to impersonate the various characters, thus making the reading much more interesting.

Published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. Price, 50c.

"On Christmas Day in the Morning" and "On Christmas Day in the Evening" are delightful stories by Grace S. Richmond. In the former the children of long neglected parents spend Xmas with them and live the day as children. The joy that comes into the hearts of the old couple makes the children determine to spend every Xmas at home.

The latter book has the family together a year later. Through their efforts a quarreling community is reunited.

There is, of course, a wholesome love story running through them both. Everybody should read these two books.

They touch the "home spot" of the heart. If our younger people would read these stories and imbibe some of the spirit of them, there would be less heart aches, and more of happiness, less neglect of parents and a more solicitous care of those who have given the best of their lives for their children.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Co. Price 50c.

"The Great Moments in a Woman's Life" is a book of helpful suggestions to young women, delightfully told. The chapters are: 1, Sixteen and in Love; 2, Those Days when She Lives in a Fabric of Dreams; 3, When the First Realities Creep into Her Life; 4, When a Young Mother She Sets the Pace; 5, When She Hears the First Flutter of the Wings; 6, The First Flitting from the Home Nest.

The book is a delightful story by Emily Calvin Blake. It will prove helpful to all who may be fortunate enough to read it.

Published by Forbes and Company, Chicago. Price 75c.

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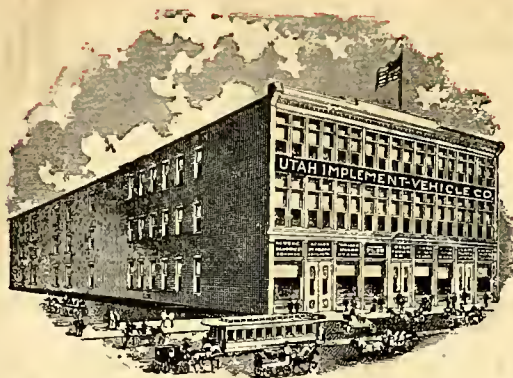


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